

SEE PAGE 2—THEN LOOK AT THE PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOS.

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

FOUNTAIN PENS

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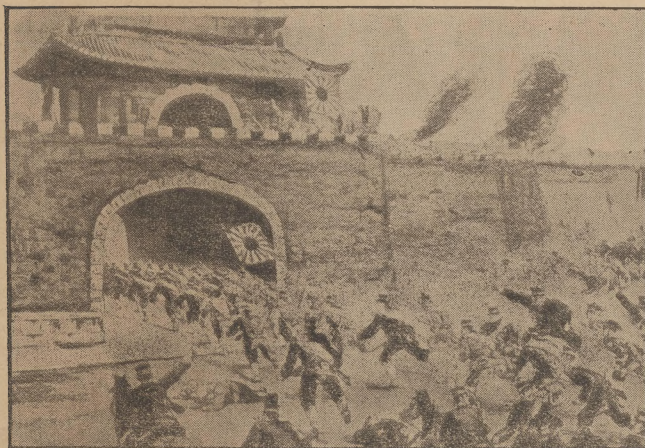
No. 261.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

JAPANESE SKETCHES FROM THE WAR.



These two drawings by a Japanese artist of the war in the Far East have just arrived from Japan. The first depicts the occupation of Kinchau after severe attack. In the second picture the Japanese are represented capturing a Russian fort, with the Russians in hasty retreat.

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE WAR.



KUROKI.

OKU.

KUROPATKIN.

STOESSEL.

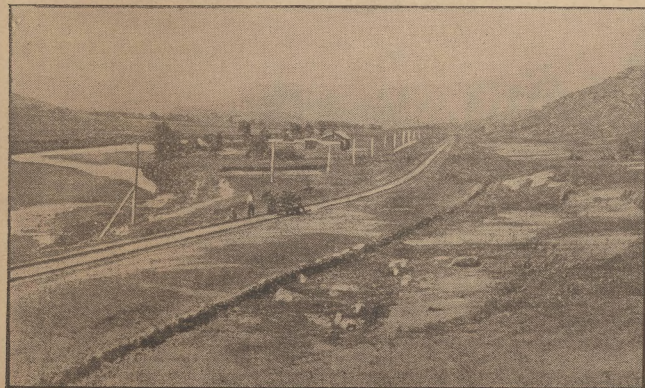
These are the famous leaders of the two armies which are now at death grips in Manchuria.

MAP SHOWING JAPANESE OPERATIONS.



Dispatches from the Far East show that by combined action and masterly attacks the Japanese armies round Liao-yang have succeeded in outflanking Kuropatkin, driving him from Liao-yang, and threatening the safety of his entire army. Liao-yang is reported in flames, and the railway to Mukden has been cut by detached forces of the Japanese. This week's casualties, as far as can be ascertained, have amounted to close on 40,000. This map shows the present position of the Japanese yesterday and the retreat of the Russian soldiers.

CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE.



View of the Russian military railway near Liao-yang, now in the hands of the Japanese.

BIRTHS.

COLES.—On August 31, at 26, Caledonia-place, Clifton, Bristol, the wife of Charles Herbert Coles, of a daughter.
FLETCHER.—On August 31, at "Albion, Bourne-cum-Salisbury, the wife of Wilfrid Fletcher, of a son.
LEYBOURN.—On August 31, at Levenshulme, Polham-road, S. Woodford, the wife of N. Howard Leybourn, of a daughter.
SIMPSON.—On August 31, at Greenhurst, Dawley, the wife of Joseph Simpson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DAVIDSON-ADAM.—On August 31, at St. Machar's Cathedral, Old Aberdeen, by the Rev. J. Milford Mitchell, D.D., one of His Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland, assisted by the Rev. John Collier, J.D., Senior Minister of Old Machar, William David Davidson, manufacturer, Mungomore, to Frances Elizabeth, third daughter of Thomas Adam, of Denmore, Aberdeenshire.
EDGE-FRISKE.—On September 1, at St. Laurence Church, Brundall, Norfolk, by the Rev. Canon Garrick, Rural Dean of Bideford, assisted by the Rev. C. C. Chamberlain, M.A., rector of the parish, Samuel George Edge, B.A., M.D., B.Ch., son of the late Samuel Edge, M.P., of Grantstown House, Moyadd, Gortunaclesh, and Boccagh, Queen's County, Ireland, to Amy, elder daughter of Henry Friske, of Brundall House.
HIPWOOD-MCLEISH.—On August 31, at Glasgow, Charles, eldest son of the late Lucy Hipwood, of Hampstead, to Margaret Helen, second daughter of Daniel McLeish, of Port William.
ROPER-SMALL.—On September 1, at St. Bartholomew's Church, Sydenham, by the Rev. Canon W. A. Mobley, M.A., Alfred James Roper, Esq., of Delvich to Elizabeth Mary (Sisie), second daughter of the late Henry Philip Small, of Clapham.

DEATHS.

BLAKE.—On September 1, at Berkhamsd, Major-General George Frederic Blake, late Royal Marine Light Infantry, on his 68th year.
LOWE.—On September 1, at St. Eila, Wembley, John Manley Lowe, of 14, Hyde-park-mansions, W., aged 50. Funeral at St. John's Church, Wembley, at 11.30, to-day. Train 10.40 from Euston to Wembley and Sudbury Station. South American papers, please copy.
MENNER.—On the 1st inst., at Bockleton, Vearage, Tenbury, the Rev. Richard Menner, aged 67. Funeral at Bockleton Church, at 2.30, on Monday. S.A. in evening.
WEBSTER.—On August 31, at Bexhill, Frank J. Webster, Taxing Master of the Supreme Court, aged 43 years, of 8, Stalbridge-street, Hyde-park. Funeral will take place to-day at Cranleigh.

PERSONAL.

CROCKELYS Shop.—Remember club day and paper collar. Very worried.—**MARMALADE**.
L. G..—Come as early as you like after mid-day. Two hours in the morning will see me through.—**THE**.
O KIKU SAN.—Brain-tree ni kura dekinu. Dame desu. Baby San ni tsuite o medoto gozaimasu.—**FUTU SAN**.
GLORIAN.—It is not my fault that we have not met. You should give me an opportunity nearer town. Why not ride half-way to meet me?—**JAP**.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., London.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

CRITERION.—Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MAT., Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
WINNIE BRUCKE.
 A Comedy in Three Acts, by Malcolm Watson.
 MISS ADA REEVE.
 Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Henry Vibart, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Faegen, Mr. W. L. Rignold, Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. Roland Bottomley, Miss De ora Drummond, Miss Dora Barton, Miss Drusilla Willis, Mrs. Charles Maitby.
 Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone No. 2844 Gerrard.
IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER.
 TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.30.
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, Sept. 10, at 2.30.
 MISS ELIZABETH FAIRBANK.
 Box Office open 10 to 10. Tele. 3153 Gerrard.

SHAFTESBURY.
 TO-DAY at 2.15. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
 Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in
THE PRINCE OF PILEN.
 MATINEE TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
 Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER
 will appear EVERY EVENING at 8.30 precisely, in a Romantic adaptation from the story of Justus Miles Forman, by Sydney Grundy, entitled

THE BAKER OF LIES.
FIRST MATINEE SAT. NEXT. Box Office 10 to 10.

Mr. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.
KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop.—
NIGHTLY at 7.45. **MADAME SHERLEY**. **NEXT WEEK** the charming musical play **THREE LITTLE MAIDS**. Powerful company of over 50 artistes. Entire production from the Prince of Wales's Theatre.
PORTNELL THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Kens.—
NIGHTLY at 8. **MATINEE TO-DAY**, 2.30. **ONE OF THE BEST**. **NEXT WEEK** Miss Lena Ashwell and West End company, for the first time in London, in an English version of La Montaner, entitled **MARQUETTE**.
CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—
NIGHTLY at 8. **MATINEE TO-DAY**, 2.30. **LIGHTS O' LONDON**. **NEXT WEEK** **THE FLOOD TIDE**.
CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop.—
TO-NIGHT and **FRIDAY** 7.45. **TWO ORPHANS**. **SATURDAY**. **THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN**. **NEXT WEEK**—**WOMAN AND WINE**.

THE OXFORD.—R. G. KNOWLES.
 The successful Eastern Extravaganza, **THE BELLE OF THE ORIENT**. With the hardy, BLAINE RAYNESBURG and Co. in new sketch, **THE MAID AND THE BRIGAND**. Margaret Ashton, Norman French, Tom Lister, and Evans, Miss Landon, T. E. Duvalie, JOE ELVIN in **THE WRONG HOUSE**, and other stars. Open 7.25. Box Office open 11 to 5. **SATURDAY MATINEE** at 2.30. Phone 2894 Gerrard. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO-DAY.
WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS at 3.0.
 Under the patronage of H.M. the King, Queen Alexandra, and T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, in two KILOMETRES AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.
ONE LAP PROFESSIONAL SCRATCH RACE.
100 KILOMETRES PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.
 Numbered seats including admission to the Palace, 6s. and 2s. 6d.; without admission, 5s. and 2s. 6d.; unnumbered, 1s.
THOUSANDS CAN SEE THE RACES WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
 International Sports and Foods Exhibition.
NATIONAL DALLIA SHOW.
 Café Chantant at 3.0 and 7.0.
 Military Bands, and other attractions.
BROOKS FIREWORKS.
 TO-NIGHT, at 8.
 Great Display of Magnificent Brilliance.
 Table d'hôte luncheons and dinners in the new dining-rooms overlooking the grounds and fireworks display. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—**QUEEN'S HALL**.
EVERY EVENING at 8.
 Queen's Hall Orchestra.
 Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood.
 Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., and agents, Chappell's, Queen's Hall box-office, Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ld.), 320, Regent-street.
 ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

LOOK AT THE PRIZE WINNING PHOTOS

On Page 8,

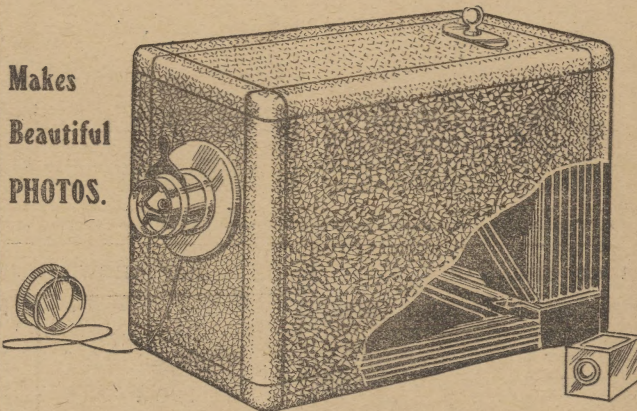
TAKEN WITH THE BEAUTIFUL

"Daily Mirror"

CAMERA 3/9

Sold simply as an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" at the marvellously low price of

Makes
Beautiful
PHOTOS.



We give above an illustration of this excellent Camera, but it gives no idea of its beautiful finish. It has a metal body, prettily covered with grained leatherette, has a ground glass finder, single view lens, shutter for time or snapshot exposure, and can be used for either films or plates—the plates costing sixpence per box of 12. No one should allow this offer to pass without taking advantage of it. It is an ideal companion for a holiday, as it gives a permanent record of the beautiful places, you have seen, the friends you have made, bringing up to your mind in the distant future the pleasures and delights of the past.

For the convenience of Beginners who have not the material for Printing and Developing Pictures A BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS and the

COMPLETE

Developing and Printing Outfit

CONTAINING:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 Box Six Dry Plates. | 1 Packet Fixing Salts. |
| 1 Packet Printing Paper. | 1 Book Instructions. |
| 1 Packet of Mounts. | 1 Candle-power Light. |
| 1 Dark-room Lamp. | 2 Dishes, Develop and Fix. |
| 1 Bottle Developing Solution. | 1 Printing Frame. |
| 1 Bottle Toning Solution. | 1 Folding Drying Rack. |

ALL FOR

2/9

Cut out this Coupon and post to

CAMERA DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London, E.C.

Enclosed find P.O. for,

for which please send me, post free, the "Daily Mirror" Camera (3s. 11½d., post free), or the Complete Printing and Developing Outfit (3s. 1d., post free). (Cross out Outfit if you do not wish it).

Name.....

Address.....

See these CAMERAS and OUTFITS at the "Daily Mirror" Offices, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., 45, New Bond Street, W., or the "Daily Mirror" Stall, Western Arcade, Earl's Court Exhibition.

The ... CAMERA

is one of the most useful and pleasure-giving instruments extant. It has hitherto been beyond the reach of many, because of the difficulty of getting a really reliable article at a reasonable price. A camera that is untrustworthy is worse than useless, and a bad investment, no matter what the price paid for it.

Our ... CAMERA

is noteworthy—3/9 for a really good camera is certainly remarkable, when you look at it in the ordinary way. But we do not look at it in the ordinary way. We are advertising the "Daily Mirror" in making this offer, and so long as we do this successfully we are satisfied. It is the price we pay for our advertisement.

Your ... CAMERA

if it be a "Daily Mirror" one, will bring you lasting pleasure. It will be a friend always at hand, light and portable, and a good companion for the holidays; ready at all times to note the beautiful and fleeting phases of nature—the verdant landscape or sparkling sea, the birds and flowers, the ships and harbour, are all alike permanently recorded—to recall the memory of pleasant times and places.

RUSSIAN ROUT.

Kuropatkin Flying Before
the Japanese.

ESCAPE SEEMS DOUBTFUL.

Russian Leader in a Terrible
Predicament.

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

Can He Reach Mukden Without
Being Cornered?

It is still uncertain whether Kuropatkin's army can escape the fall that threatens it.

His retreat seems to have become a rout—a mere flight for safety.

The great question is—Will he be able to evade the Japanese forces which threaten him to the west, to the east, and the north-west in a fall back on Mukden?

If he cannot the result will be overwhelmingly disastrous for the Russian arms.

No doubt there will be more bloody fighting, but the final result cannot be uncertain.

It will be the Waterloo of the campaign.

Never, since the great disaster of the Franco-Prussian war, was an army in a more dramatic or dangerous situation than is the host of General Kuropatkin to-day.

His retreat is no longer so described. One correspondent refers to it as a rout, another as a débâcle.

Marshal Oyama's army is hotly pursuing the Russian commander. A Japanese force has cut the railway to the north, barring the direct road to Mukden, the only place of safety, and another army lies in wait on the north-west.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

Will he escape? The probabilities are against it. It is a task that requires a De Wet, with the mobility of De Wet's Boers, and it seems hardly conceivable that the great mass of men, guns, and horses can be got out of danger in time.

News of vast moment may be expected in the next forty-eight hours.

Every sign is apparent of the demoralisation of the Russian forces. Round Liao-yang no fewer than 21,000 rifles have been found thrown away in the panic or flight. A large number of field guns were also found abandoned, and were turned against the flying foe.

The losses on both sides have been stupendous. They are stated officially to be: Japanese, 10,000; Russian, 10,000.

But this estimate is obviously too small. Collect the various accounts of the fighting, 37,000 casualties is a much more probable total; and when the full tale is told it will probably be found that at least 50,000 men have fallen.

Over 100 Russian officers have been killed or wounded in this week's fighting, and several generals are hors de combat.

THE HORROR TO COME.

And this enormous slaughter is only the preface to the horror that is to come. Certain it is that if Kuropatkin is brought to bay, as seems most probable, the carnage will be stupendous. It is not likely the Russian commander will give in till the honour of the Russian arms has been vindicated in an ocean of blood. Fighting with the energy of desperation they will not yield till all hope of successful resistance is at an end.

It is said Kuropatkin intended to lure the Japanese northward, continually retreating and inflicting as much damage as possible in rearguard actions. This would have been a reasonable plan in view of his numerical inferiority. He might have weakened the enemy till he had collected strength sufficient to enter on a pitched battle, but he seems to have delayed too long, or to have been disconcerted by the energy and rapidity of the Japanese movements.

LIAO-YANG IN FLAMES.

TOKIO, Friday.

It is reported that a conflagration is raging at Liao-yang.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.

The railway station at Liao-yang has been wrecked by shell fire.

The Japanese yesterday gained possession of some of the positions on the Russian right flank.—Reuter.

CAPTURE OF GUNS.

Japanese in Hot Pursuit of the
Demoralised Enemy.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, yesterday, has been received at the Japanese Legation: Marshal Oyama reports as follows:—

"The enemy being unable to resist our fierce attack, began retiring on September 1 towards Liao-yang.

"Our left and centre are hotly pursuing the enemy, who, in great confusion, is trying to retire to the right bank of the River Tuite.

"We captured ten half-centimetre cannon. They are being used to bombard Liao-yang railway station.

"On September 1 our right attacked the enemy at Hetingtai, fifteen miles north-east of Liao-yang.

"Our casualties since August 29 are estimated at about 10,000."

TOKIO IN JUBILATION.

TOKIO, Thursday.

Tokio rings with shouts and cheers for the victory at Liao-yang. Lantern-bearing crowds swing through the streets and surge round the staff officers shouting "Banzai."

It is confidently believed that Marshal Oyama will press the pursuit with desperate vigour, and inflict upon General Kuropatkin the most crushing blow possible.

The trophies taken are expected to prove valuable.

The opinion is expressed here that the Russians will be unable to save many guns, and will be forced to abandon or destroy vast quantities of stores.—Reuter's Special Service.

BURNING VILLAGES.

ROME, Friday.

A Tokio telegram which has been received here states that the Russians are now setting fire to all the villages which it is impossible for them to hold, with the object of preventing the enemy obtaining supplies during their onward march.

Pursuing this course, the Russians have already destroyed four villages, rendering thousands of Manchurians homeless and spreading panic throughout a wide region in the district around Liao-yang.

All native men who can leave their families are joining the Chinese brigands in the hope of enjoying reprisals against the Russians.—Exchange.

KING IGNORES THE RAIN.

His Majesty's Return to London
To-day.

King Edward is expected to reach London between four and five o'clock this afternoon from the Continent. Granted favourable weather the royal yacht will arrive at Port Victoria in time to permit his Majesty's special to leave at 3.30, arriving at Charing Cross an hour later.

His Majesty left Marienbad yesterday afternoon in pouring rain, which had been falling with short intervals since last night. The departure was of a very simple and informal nature. His Majesty, who arrived in a victoria about ten minutes before the time set for the departure of the train, was wearing an overcoat and a soft grey hat. He seemed, Reuter's correspondent states, in capital spirits, and looked very well.

King Edward greeted the local authorities with great cordiality, and proceeded to the royal saloon with Sir Francis Plunkett. After shaking hands with Count Mensdorff and the members of the Embassy Staff his Majesty entered the train and stood smiling and bowing at the window until the train left the station.

King Edward's last public appearance at Marienbad was on the Kreuzbrunnen Promenade at half-past seven yesterday morning, when he walked for an hour without the protection of an overcoat or umbrella, although rain was falling most of the time.

The King's simple and unaffected manner and unfailing good spirits have everywhere created the most favourable impression. His Majesty has given substantial donations to the local charities, and has distributed the customary gifts among the minor officials, hotel servants, and others.

MILITARY PLANS STOLEN.

An audacious robbery of military plans is reported from Vienna.

A quantity of plans for the defence of the frontier were sent from Przemyśl, near the Russian frontier, by registered parcel post to the Minister of War at Vienna.

These plans have mysteriously disappeared.

FASTER THAN A LIGHT.

An interesting calculation is made of the extraordinary time in which Rougier accomplished a half French hill climb in his Turcat-Mery car.

In ascending Mount Ventoux in 21min. 12sec.—a distance of 23 kilometres—the car must have risen at an average speed of well over 50, per second, which is faster than the fastest lift in the world.

LORD AND LADY MINTO

Escape Unhurt in a Canadian
Railway Accident.

Lady Minto, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, has been very unfortunate lately. Only a month or two ago she suffered a distressing accident, which caused her confinement to her room for a considerable time.

Now a cable from Canada states that her ladyship and Lord Minto were in a Canadian Pacific train, which was wrecked yesterday near Winnipeg. Five persons are reported killed, but Lord and Lady Minto fortunately escaped unhurt.

Lord and Lady Minto were travelling in a special car with Major Maude, Secretary to the Governor-General, Captain Bell, his aide-de-camp, and the Comptroller of the Viceregal Household, who were also unhurt.

The vice-regal party continued its journey to the coast after a short delay.

The accident was caused by the express crashing into a freight train.

MODERN SORCERESS.

Experiments with a Magic Egg and
Gold Coins.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

Madame Sibellena, a laundress of Boulogne-sur-Seine, told a bracelet worth, at the outside, £3. She consulted a renowned clairvoyant, Mme. Houssé, of the Rue Bleue, Paris.

The first consultation cost ten francs. Then, a few days afterwards, an emissary of the clairvoyant visited the laundress and told her that she was on the eve of a great discovery.

An egg, a table-napkin, and fifty francs were required. The fifty francs Mme. Houssé took, but, wrapping the egg in the napkin, she left it in the laundress's bed.

Next day she came and opened the egg, which contained a lock of hair—the hair of the woman who had stolen the bracelet.

INCANTATION.

After that all was simple. The laundress had only to pay ten twenty-franc pieces bearing the head of Napoleon III., with three days, and then with her arms crossed over her head walk three times backwards round her rooms.

She did so, but no bracelet came. The reason was, said an "extra super clairvoyant," sent by Mme. Houssé, because the gold pieces bore the head of Napoleon instead of the Republican cock. So the victim had to give ten more of the right sort.

The two women were practising rites when the clairvoyant gave a cry. It had been suddenly revealed to her that in the laundress's cellar was a hidden treasure of £600. It could be obtained only by means of paying £4 and catching a frog, which would lead the laundress to the money.

She paid the £4, but the frog is not yet caught. A young man opened the foolish laundress's eyes and set the police on the whole clairvoyant gang.

TRIBUTE TO BOER VOLUNTEERS.

In yesterday's "Gazette" is published the final report of Lieut.-Colonel E. J. E. Swayne on the operations in Somaliland from January 18 to November 1, 1902. The return of casualties emphasises the arduous nature of the work performed by the British officers attached to the expedition, no less than twelve being killed and four wounded, one of which number has since died.

Special mention is made to the excellent services rendered by the Boer Burgher Mounted Infantry, who volunteered for this particular service. Their knowledge of country, and their adaptability to the conditions of service in Somaliland, made the corps a very valuable addition to the force.

HOARD IN A MOUSE HOLE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.

A young Paris dressmaker was pursuing a mouse that haunted her room in a house in the Rue de Martyrs, when it took to its hole. But Mlle. Jeanne Seveval sought for it with a poker, and to such lengths did she go that she disturbed the floor. The poker touched a rustling mass of paper, which turned out to be ten hundred-franc notes and three bonds.

The valuables had belonged to a previous tenant, who had been out of his mind.

WAR ARTIST ARRESTED.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.

Mr. Julius Price, the special artist of the "Illustrated London News," was arrested yesterday afternoon while sketching in a public garden near here. On his sketches being destroyed he was released.—Reuter.

Mr. George Meredith has returned to Box Hill, Dorset, greatly benefited in health by his stay at West Goring.

ITALY'S GREAT HOPE.

Queen Elena Confident of
the Birth of a Prince.

TSARITSAS SYMPATHY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, Friday.

Rome is still waiting for a son and heir to King Victor Emmanuel.

When the King, by private wire from the Tsar, heard of the happy issue of the great domestic drama at Peterhof, he exclaimed to the Dowager Queen Margherita, "That puts my mind at rest. We shall have equally good luck."

The next few days will test the King's confidence. The Queen is in perfect health, and, as is usual among the hardy women of Montenegro, exhibits little symptoms of the great ordeal which she is about to undergo. Her Majesty, who is at the royal castle of Racconigi, is perfectly confident that she will bear an heir.

DAILY TELEGRAMS.

The first act of the King's day is the dispatch of a lengthy telegram to Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, informing him as to his daughter's state of health, and to this telegram the Queen persists in appending a few endearing words in her beloved Serbian.

The Queen spends her day quietly, reading and sewing a great deal. She has not escaped the inevitable fate of royalty in being inundated with advice and gifts, the latter chiefly from enterprising German tradespeople.

An exception is the gift of the German Empress, who sent to Queen Elena a curious bracelet of scarabs given to Wilhelm II. by an Arab sheikh during his tour in Palestine.

Much more welcome was a touching autograph note received from the Empress of Russia shortly after the birth of her longed-for heir.

"SISTERS IN TRIAL."

"We are sisters," wrote Alexandra Feodorovna, "in the same trial. And I feel that supreme as my happiness it will not be complete until I hear that your Majesty's desire for an heir has been crowned with the same happy fulfilment as mine."

The King plays his wife every afternoon on the piano, and is shelving much of his less important State work in order to be with the Queen. He has lately come out in the character of poet, parodying an old jingle as follows:—

A Prince born on Monday,
Will be a soldier great.
A Prince born on Tuesday,
Will be a man of State.
The Prince born on Wednesday,
Will rule over Thursday.
But born on Thursday,
A scholar he will be...

And so on, the verse ending by declaring that a Prince born on Sunday will be the wisest and handsomest man in the world. The King has set aside a large number of duplicates from his magnificent collection of coins, and had them arranged in cases as the nucleus for a collection for his son.

The idea that the child may not be a son is entertained by nobody for a moment.

ENLARGING PADDINGTON STATION.

Like many other metropolitan termini, Paddington is not equal to the demands now made upon it.

It has therefore been decided to increase the number of platforms. Three or four lines will be added, and an extra road for vehicles, for which a part of London-street will probably have to be demolished.

Plans are now being prepared, and as soon as the necessary Parliamentary powers have been obtained the work will be proceeded with.

CHILDREN'S GRIM DISCOVERY.

Some school children at Blyth yesterday dragged from a pond the body of an unknown woman about twenty-five years of age.

A handkerchief was stuffed in the woman's mouth, giving rise to a suggestion of foul play.

SUNSTROKE AFTER KING'S ALE.

"I tramped all the way to Burton, and tasted some of the ale marked by the King, and afterwards had a sort of sunstroke," explained a professional papper named Dawson yesterday in seeking admission to the Whitchurch Workhouse.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: South-westerly to north-westerly winds; rainy at first, fair later; very cool. Lighting-up time: 7.40 p.m.; Sunday, 7.38 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate generally.

CHANNEL SWIM.

Weidman Tries for 'Mirror' Trophy To-morrow.

ACCOMPANIED BY HOLBEIN.

To-morrow afternoon, if conditions are favourable, J. A. Weidman, the Dover amateur, will start on the oft-made attempt to swim across the Channel. He will swim for Messrs. Kendal and Dent's hundred-guinea watch offered through the *Mirror*.

Those who know Weidman and the extraordinary swims he has recently accomplished are confident that if favoured by tides and weather he will succeed.

Within the last few weeks he has three times travelled over twenty miles in the Channel. In the swim from Dover to Ramsgate he covered over twenty miles in five and a half hours, thus beating Captain Webb's record for the course by two and a half hours.

He covered twenty miles in his swim from mid-Channel in six hours, and travelled from Dungeness to Dover in the same time.

Records made in the Channel are very unreliable because the strength of the current is hardly ever twice alike, but these figures at least show that Weidman is an extraordinary swimmer.

Extraordinary Vitality.

Other factors in his favour are his extraordinary vitality and his ability to resist cold. Six hours in water at a temperature that paralysed Greasley and Haggerty have had not the slightest effect upon the Dover champion.

He is in the very pink of condition, and confident that he will succeed. His advisers have decided that he shall start about half-past four to-morrow afternoon from a point a mile west of Lydden Spout, the spot from which Holbein started on his last attempt. This will allow for a further westward drift, and Captain Atkins, who is advising Weidman, says it should give him a good chance of making Cape Grisnez on the third tide in eighteen hours from the start.

"I think I can continue swimming, with the water at its present temperature, for over twenty hours if necessary," said Weidman yesterday; "so I think I stand a fair chance."

Holbein, to his own regret and that of all concerned, has decided to abandon the attempt this year. Those advising him have so strongly insisted upon the unfavourable conditions prevailing that he does not feel justified in making such a tremendous exertion with such scant hope of success.

But, like a true sportsman, he is going to do his best to assist Weidman. He will start with that swimmer to-morrow afternoon and swim with him for some hours.

Trains on Curry.

Weidman has one strange peculiarity. He has been training principally on rice and curry, in which combination he is a great believer.

He also takes eggs, bovine, milk, and chocolate, and on these he will subsist during the time he is in the water, after taking a good meal of his favourite dish just before he starts.

The tug Britannia will leave the Crosswell Quay, Dover, with the swimmer and his party on board at 3.30 to-morrow afternoon. If the weather should be unfavourable, then she will leave the same point soon after three on Monday morning.

Holbein took a four and a half mile swim at Margate yesterday afternoon, being cheered by a great crowd and accompanied by a small fleet of rowing boats.

He will start at ten o'clock this morning on a swim to Herne Bay, which he hopes to reach about two in the afternoon.

THE QUEEN RETURNS TO LONDON.

The Queen and Princess Victoria of Wales left Ballater by special train last night for London.

Her Majesty and the Princess drove to Aberfeldie in the afternoon, and after tea with the Prince of Wales, proceeded to Ballater. The Queen was looking well, and carried a lovely bouquet of carnations. The special is due to arrive at Edinburg at 8.15 this morning.

DOG STOPS AN ELOPEMENT.

A tandem-bicycle elopement has been stopped by an accident.

Mr. Isaac Lindermann, a blacking merchant, made plans to elope with Miss Marguerite Parnet, daughter of a Belleville provision merchant.

In avoiding a dog the machine skidded, and the fugitives were thrown to the ground.

Annoyed by the accident, the lady returned to her parents.

THE COMMON "TONGUE."

A Greek boarding-house keeper residing at North Shields, summoned yesterday for assaulting his wife, declared that his knowledge of English was limited to bad words!

A baby girl of three has crossed a dangerous glacier on Mont Blanc.

FORTUNE FOR A PORTER.

Draper's Assistant Learns He Is Heir to £15,000.

John Brown, a porter employed by Messrs. Rowntree, drapers, of Scarborough, has just received news that he is heir to a fortune of £15,000. Scarborough is much excited by the news, and crowds of well-wishers have been congratulating the lucky porter.

It appears that Brown's cousin, whose name is also Brown, and who left England many years ago to seek his fortune, recently died intestate, leaving over £30,000 in cash and securities.

His nearest relatives are this porter and his sister, who, between them, will inherit his whole fortune.

The only person in Scarborough who seems altogether unexcited by the news is John Brown himself. Seen by a *Mirror* representative yesterday, he said:—

"I cannot tell you anything more about it than everybody knows. They say this Brown is my cousin, but Brown is a pretty common name, and perhaps he isn't."

"If it comes along, so much the better. But I am not going to take any chances, and, as you see, I am going on with my work."

BAREFOOT THROUGH LONDON.

Blindmaker's Wager Leads to an Extraordinary Walk.

Mr. Billington, a London blindmaker, announces that to settle a wager he will attempt an extraordinary walk next Saturday.

Talking with a friend who was expressing great pity for the barefooted beggar, he said that to walk barefooted on London pavements was not much of a hardship.

The friend promptly retorted that he would bet Billington would not get far if he attempted to walk barefoot. Billington accepted the challenge, and next Saturday's walk is for the wager that was then made.

The blindmaker, with nothing on his feet, will start from the Royal Exchange, walk from there along Cheapside, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, and west to Piccadilly-circus, and from there past the south side of Hyde Park.

Turning north, he will tramp to Bayswater-road, and then, turning Citywards again, walk along Oxford-street, Holborn, and Newgate-street, back into Cheapside, and thence to the Exchange.

GEESE AMONG GRAVESTONES.

Bishop's Orders to an Eccentric Rural Vicar.

The Yorkshire vicar who turned his geese into the churchyard, and against whom a number of other singular complaints were made, has received the decision of the Bishop to whom the Ecclesiastical Commissioners presented the report of their inquiry.

As a result of the behaviour of the Rev. J. H. Mills, vicar of Rawdon, near Leeds, the offerings have fallen off considerably.

The Bishop considers that the vicar's duties have been inadequately discharged, and he directs the rev. gentleman to get the services of a curate within three months.

Failing compliance with this order the appointment will be made by the Bishop himself, and the living will be sequestered. The dilapidations of the vicarage are also to be repaired.

Mr. Mills has been vicar of Rawdon for a quarter of a century, and one of his pleas in defence at the inquiry was the poverty of the parish.

TOO STEEP FOR LIGHT MOTORS.

The fifth day's tests in the 600 miles reliability trials for light motor-cars were made yesterday, twenty-eight of the original thirty-five cars starting from Hereford for Ross, Ledbury, and Bromyard and back, a circuit of 504 miles.

On a steep hill near Bishop's Frome, where the gradient was 1 in 7.8, the judges held a brake test. The foot-brakes invariably held the cars perfectly, but in a very few cases would the hand-brakes keep the cars from running backwards.

The severity of the hills spoilt the records of half-a-dozen cars.

DISASTER FILED ON DISASTER.

A remarkable series of collisions took place in the High-road, Kilburn, yesterday morning, when a motor-car dashed into one of the motor omnibuses that ply along that road.

The motor omnibus, in turn, collided with a passing van, forcing the latter through an umbrella-maker's shop window. The stock was wrecked.

Excitement caused by a day's outing was shown at an inquest yesterday to have brought about the death of Jimmie Ruddock, an inmate of Mile End Infirmary.

ELUSIVE DIAMONDS.

Police and People Still Hunting for Lost Treasure.

Police and people were busy all day yesterday hunting in the Cambridgeshire fields round Huntingford for the diamonds which the self-confessed thief said he threw away there.

Four policemen from one division and three from another were engaged, and crowds of youths supplemented their efforts, but when night fell no trace of the treasure had been discovered.

Further details are forthcoming. The seventy-two diamonds were in a metal box and set in wax, while the size of the box is 4in. by 3½in. and 1in. deep.

It is now supposed that it was three miles out of Huntingford that Bime relieved himself of his ill-gotten booty, and he further states that it was near some stacks and farm buildings between Buckland and Reed.

Several tin boxes were yesterday recovered, but none contained the precious stones.

The hunt will be continued to-day, but unless the prisoner Bime is taken down it now appears that there is not much hope of the search being successful.

DELAY WAS FATAL.

Newly-Invented Motor Burnt the Day It Was Completed.

But for the gallantry and promptitude of the firemen, Windsor Castle and the town would have been without electric light last night.

A serious fire broke out in a motor-shed adjoining the electric light works. The shed contained many casks of petrol, and had they caught the flames must have destroyed the electric light plant.

But the firemen, dashing into the blazing shed, dragged away the petrol, and then by great exertions got the fire under, though not until many thousands of pounds of damage had been done.

Among the many motors destroyed was an exceptionally valuable one, on which years of labour had been spent. This car was a new invention, combining electric and petrol power. It was, according to its inventor, to have revolutionised the making of motors.

It was completed on Wednesday, and should have been removed to Slough to be painted on Wednesday evening. Owing to its not being taken as arranged yesterday's fire reduced it to a skeleton.

BACK FROM THE DEAD.

Mother's Reappearance Causes Fright to Her Children.

A ludicrous series of mistakes is reported from Budapest, writes our Vienna correspondent.

The wife of a carpenter named Pater was knocked down by an electric tram and seriously injured.

She was taken to the hospital, and her condition improving, she was removed to another ward, her place being filled by a woman who died a few hours after admission.

But the label over the bed bearing the name of Frau Pater was not removed, and her husband was officially informed of her decease.

In the meantime Frau Pater made a good recovery, and, with a heart overcharged with emotion, returned to her home.

To her dismay, the children, shrieking with terror, fled as she approached, telling everyone they had seen a ghost.

It was not until the next day that she was accepted as a legitimate member of the family.

COLLISION OFF SOUTHEAD.

A serious collision, attended with injuries to twelve men, occurred in the Thames off Southend early yesterday morning between the New Zealand mail steamer Waimate and the German steamer Munchen.

The bows of the Waimate were stove in above the water-line. A number of the Lascar sailors on the Munchen were asleep forward, and no fewer than twelve sustained injuries. One named Nosardjee sustained a fractured skull. He is not expected to recover.

PARTRIDGES CHARGE A TRAIN.

Three sportsmen beating a field near Nuneaton yesterday started a covey of partridges, and the frightened birds dashed into a train which was passing.

Three were found dead on the line, but one had a marvellous escape. A passenger by the train, on arriving at Nuneaton, said that a partridge had flown in at one window, across the carriage, and out the other side without touching anything.

During the German manoeuvres at Moringen a hussar and an artillery man crossed the line of fire, and were immediately killed.

LOVE IN DRESSES.

Costumes Significant of the Growth of Passion.

"SYMBOLISM OF SILK."

Ravishing visions of beauty were to be seen yesterday afternoon at Lucile's, in Hanover-square, when the gowns de luxe designed by Lady Duff-Gordon for the new Vaudeville musical play, "The Gaiety of the Season," were on show.

The exhibition marked a further development in the new and startling dress cult Lady Duff-Gordon has originated. Another stage has been attained in the symbolism of silk and the expression of emotions by curves and colours.

The gowns were worn by the ladies for whom they have been designed, who made their appearance exactly as they will show upon the stage next Wednesday night.

The effect of their first appearance was to make experienced lady journalists gasp and lay down their pencils in despair. No adequate description of any of these costumes is possible, and the hearts of male beholders were melted by their ravishing appearances.

Development of Love.

The effects are obtained by the harmonious blending of dozens of unnamed fabrics, in utterly unclassifiable colours, with all gradations of tints and ornamentations. When the wearer is in repose the gown is a thing of beauty; but the subtlety of its intention is only revealed in motion. Then each step discloses some new aspect. Some voluptuous curve or colour effect that fitly expresses the personality of its wearer.

The new cult is best illustrated by the dresses designed for the berry of ten Gibson girls.

Each dress expresses some stage in the passion of Love.

Miss Marion Cecil, the first girl, wears olive green to denote "An Unknown Longing that has No Name"; Miss Hilda Jeffries, the second, "thunder" blue, significant of "The Enchantment of Night."

"Song of Amorous Things."

By easy stages one passes to number five, Miss Kathleen Dawn, whose pale mauve expresses "A lingering tangible Joy"; and number six, Miss Kate Vesey, orange, "The Flame of an Ardent Soul."

The indescribable series ends in number nine, Miss Barbara Roberts, pale blue, "The Climax of Love"; and number ten, Miss Marie Ashton, "The Frenzied Song of Amorous Things."

It will be understood that the colour assigned to each gown but expresses the dominant note in an intricate colour scheme.

The new cult is founded on the axiom that "from the time of Eve the first step in every woman's ladder of life is to exercise the power of attraction—to fascinate."

To build up a magic garment of fascination true to the dominant note of the individuality to be influenced—that is the whole art exercised by Lucile.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A "DUG-OUT."

The 21-ton schooner-rigged boat Tiilik, made by Indians out of the trunk of a single tree, and which sailed from Vancouver in May, 1901, for a trip round the world, arrived at Margate at 6.30 last night.

Captain Voss and his mate, C. L. Harris, the only occupants of the boat, both appeared to be in perfect health. Their voyage of 40,000 miles has evidently agreed with them.

During the last stage—from the Azores—the weather was fine and the sea calm.

EPPING FOREST HOOLIGANS.

Mr. C. E. Green, Master of the Essex Union Hounds, made a vigorous protest at the Epping Sessions yesterday against the rowdiness created in the town and neighbourhood by London trippers to the forest, and asked that the police should be instructed to put a stop to the nuisance.

The clerk said the by-laws gave the police full power to deal with the matter.

FREE INSURANCE.

The "Weekly Dispatch" has adopted a novel scheme for the benefit of its readers, giving away hundreds of insurance policies, payable either at death or at the age of sixty-five, without cost or premium.

Full particulars of this extraordinary plan will be found to-morrow in the "Weekly Dispatch." Orders may be given at any news-vendors.

DROWNED AT PLAY.

While floating his toy boat on the canal at Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, yesterday, a little boy named William Wait fell into the water and was drowned.

"ONE OF THE FAMILY."

New Lights on Life in a Workhouse.

SCANDAL AND CYCLE RIDE.

At the resumed inquiry yesterday into the circumstances connected with the suspension of Mr. F. Simkins, the master of Eton Workhouse, the latter gave evidence, declaring himself wholly innocent of the charges of impropriety with female officials.

Before the case for the guardians closed, additional witnesses were called, among them Mr. Roberts, principal clerk, who stated that he met the master and Miss Gilbert together at Folkestone in 1903.

It appeared that the whereabouts of the matron, Mrs. Simkins, are at present unknown to her husband. Her brother-in-law, Mr. William Henry Piper, also stated that he did not know where she was. He went on to say that Mr. Simkins virtually admitted to him on one occasion that he was to blame over the Harman affair.

[Miss Harman was formerly assistant matron, but resigned after making, it is alleged, certain statements as to the master's conduct with other members of the staff.]

Hidden Guardian.

The master, the witness continued, explained to him that he called one of the guardians into the sitting-room and asked him to get behind the screen. While the guardian was behind the screen the master induced someone to tell some untruth as to where Miss Gilbert was at the particular time when the master was supposed to have been in her bedroom.

Another witness said she had seen a guardian out cycling with the workhouse cook.

At the commencement of his evidence the master said there had been friction with Miss Harman. He thought she had been disappointed at not getting the post of matron. He obtained an inquiry by a committee of the board into Miss Harman's charge that he had been in Miss Gilbert's room one Sunday. As a result of the committee's report Miss Harman resigned.

Did Not Kiss Her.

The witness denied that there had been impropriety between himself and Miss Tully, Miss Harman's successor. He did not throw his arms round her neck and try to kiss her.

With reference to Miss Gilbert, the master said that she came in February, 1901, and before she had been there half an hour Miss Harman told his wife a lot of stories about her saying she was unfit for her post. His wife and children got very fond of Miss Gilbert, and gradually they all got very intimate. He and Miss Gilbert cycled together and went on the river and to theatres; and, in fact, they were all like one family.

About the middle of 1902 it came to his ears that the guardians did not care about the matron being out so much, and his wife then asked him to take Miss Gilbert out for bicycle rides.

The lady in question, who is now Mrs. Hoe, gave evidence, saying she came forward voluntarily. She denied that there had ever been any improper relations between herself and the master.

Shocked by a Picture.

Another witness, Miss Roberts, said the master's conduct towards her had always been correct. She thought Miss Tully was rather indiscreet in the matter of her own reputation and that of the house. She had seen a picture on the wall in Miss Tully's sitting-room which she considered improper.

Other witnesses having been called for the defence the inquiry was closed. The inspector will report in due course to the Local Government Board.

SUSPICIOUS FINERY.

A fashionably-dressed alien recently engaged rooms in Mark-street, West Ham, ordered a quantity of clothing, and had them sent to his newly-found lodgings.

A friend of the tailor, however, became suspicious of the smartly-garbed gentleman, and as he was shortly afterwards seen to leave the house with all the clothing on his arm he was given into custody. He was yesterday committed for trial on a charge of theft.

RECIPE FOR A "RESISTER."

Minister's Ingenious Way of Gaining Martyrdom.

Unusual interest was taken in a list of summonses against passive resisters at Southwark yesterday, owing to the fact that the trustees of Spurgeon's Tabernacle were included in the number.

Their solicitor put forward the grounds on which they refused to pay the education rate. They took up, he said, the position of Martin Luther. "Here we stand. We can do no other, so help us, God." The Free Churchmen were bound to render to Caesar the things that were Caesar's, but there was a higher authority than the law of the land.

The Chairman: There will be an order for the payment of the instalments of the money due. Our powers are entirely limited in this direction.

Many sales of passive resisters' goods which would otherwise have taken place before now have been postponed owing to the holidays. In Paddington Dr. Clifford's supporters wait their leader's return from Eastbourne, when the auctioneer will commence the necessary proceedings.

Lambeth provides one of the most singular incidents connected with the movement. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, president of the National Free Church Council, found himself disqualified from a place on the roll of passive resisters as he resides in a flat and, consequently, is not liable for rates. An ingenious way out of the difficulty has been hit upon by Mr. Meyer renting a house in the district. He now awaits his first summons.

POLICE AND PUBLIC.

Father's Protest Against the Treatment of His Son.

Indignant protest was made at Greenwich Court yesterday against the treatment which three boys living at New Cross were alleged to have received at the hands of the police.

Arthur Richards and Ralph Dobson, aged sixteen, and Charles Reif, aged fourteen, had been taken into custody on a charge of pushing people off the pavement. The magistrate dismissed the case.

Mr. Richards protested that his son had, for a very slight offence, been dragged through the street and locked up in a police-cell with a drunken man, using the filthiest language. The inspector had, however, denied this.

The Magistrate: You have a right to an investigation, but it would be wrong of me to make it.

Mr. Richards: I will take the matter before the Home Office.

HAUNTED BELL.

Police Detectives Try to Catch Mysterious "Spirits."

A curious experience of "mischievous spirits" is related in "Light," the psychical research organ. The writer lived in a large flat in a West End street. After seven years' occupation the bell began to be rung at regular intervals.

It was at first thought that something had gone wrong with the wires, and an experienced bell-hanger was accordingly employed.

Then an electrical expert was sent for, but though both he and the occupants carefully watched the door and staircase, the bells still continued ringing without any visible cause.

The matter was reported to the police, and three detectives were sent to the house—one to watch outside, one to be on the first landing, and one to remain behind the door, above which the bell was situated. Still the ringing continued.

But, singular to relate, a few days after the detectives had withdrawn the annoyance ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

"In my judgment," concludes the writer, "this experience can only be explained as being due to the action of spirits on matter."

"WORST CLUB IN LONDON."

A "Retiring Member" has given his impressions of the House of Commons in the "Fortnightly Review."

He ridicules the House as the "best club in London."

No self-respecting club would endure the members' smoking-room for a week, and no club would stand the food which is served to members of the House of Commons. Still less would any club stand the House of Commons waiters.

MARGATE MYSTERY UNSOLVED.

A crowd of gaily-dressed ladies filled the Margate Police Court yesterday when Mary Ellen Lutter and her husband were brought before the justices on the charge of the manslaughter of their three children.

As the Treasury are still investigating the case a further remand till Friday next was granted.

The arrival and departure of the prisoners in custody gave rise to some demonstration of excitement among the general public.

PARTED BY POVERTY.

Touching Evidence of an Old Couple's Hard Times.

A little bundle of letters and scraps of paper placed in the hands of the Shoreditch coroner yesterday formed the record of a story of deep pathos. William Mansfield, a general dealer, aged seventy, had died in the infirmary, to which he had been taken from his lodging in Hackney-road in a state of collapse. The jury found that his death had been due chiefly to lack of food.

His wife, it was stated, had returned home one day recently crying because she had lost her employment. As the husband was also without work she left the house.

The coroner drew from the bundle of papers a postcard addressed to the wife, which supplied a pathetic commentary on this incident. It was dated July, 1898, and on the back was written: "Please come in at a quarter to nine on Monday morning and oblige." Below this Mansfield had written, evidently quite recently, "This is six years ago. Now she has got the sack."

There was a letter from the wife in the bundle. "As I can't make up the rent," she had written to him, "I'll stop away until I get work."

After receiving this, the old man wrote upon a piece of paper:—

I am sorry that you have gone away, as you have been a good wife. God have mercy upon you. I have been a burden to you for many years, as I could not get in but very little money. That's what parts us. . . . I should have liked to have seen you before I died, died, died, died. Dear dad, dear dad, dear dad. All the money I leave behind I hope my poor wife will get.

In spite of their want the old couple had never made application for parish relief.

MURDERED BY HER LOVER.

Story of Quarrels with a Soldier Sweetheart.

The evidence at the inquest at Woolwich yesterday on Elizabeth Mary Baldry and Corporal Budgen, who shot the former in his room at Shrapnell Barracks, and afterwards committed suicide, showed that the two had not always been on the best of terms.

The girl, whose relatives live in Cambridge, came to London seven years ago. She was identified by her brother, who described her as a dress-maker, but thought she was "stage-struck," and understood that she had been in some way connected with the stage.

For between four and five years she had lodged in a house in Blomfield-terrace, Paddington, and, according to the landlady's story, had fallen into arrear with her rent since her acquaintance with Corporal Budgen, although she always appeared to have money.

Budgen seemed a gentlemanly fellow, but when the girl returned home on Bank Holiday morning she had a bad black eye, and admitted that Budgen had struck her. She then declared that he was the first man who had ever hit her, and she would take care that he would be the last.

The medical evidence showed that the woman's wound could not have been self-inflicted, whilst that of Budgen must have been so. The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the soldier, and found that he committed suicide whilst temporarily insane.

OUTSIDE A MUSIC-HALL.

A charge at Worship-street against Drusilla Richards, aged thirty-two, of being drunk and disorderly and assaulting the police was dismissed by Mr. Justice.

The woman was arrested for throwing her arms round the neck of a man outside the London Music-hall, who resisted her attempts to enter after her husband had been ejected. A constable alleged that she struck him in the face on the way to the police station.

"If I did, you punched me in the face at the station," she cried.

Mr. Clier said he was not satisfied that she had been intoxicated, and discharged her.

MISSING EDITOR.

Considerable light has been thrown on the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Mr. Spahr, the well-known editor of an American magazine.

An hour after midnight, halfway between Dover and Ostend, the missing man was seen by one of the crew of the passenger steamer to climb over the paddle-wheel and disappear.

It is almost certain that the unfortunate man must have been struck by the heavy steel floats of the wheel as he fell into the water and been instantaneously killed.

The Berlin Fire Brigade was recently sent for to relieve a swallow which caught a claw in some masonry and could not extricate itself.

HORRORS OF WAR.

British Wasps Prepare for Invaders of Essex.

WILL THEY BE REPELLED?

The invaders who are going to turn Essex into a scene of carnage and horror will have one enemy more than they reckoned with.

The British wasp has risen in his thousands against them. Wasps of 500-hornet power have been attracted to the British Manchuria, and are reinforced by swarms of other insects—flies, grasshoppers, earwigs, bees, and gnats. They swarm about the camp near Colchester, and are a terror to the soldiers camped there, though, fortunately, so far, in the words of a corporal at Little Bentley, they are "a good-tempered and law-abiding lot." Apparently they have a weakness for tea. With a cup of the cheering beverage is poured out half-a-dozen wasps fly in at once and slake their thirst. The wasps and bees seem to take a great interest in the work of the camp.

The Duke's Camp.

The greatest scene of activity yesterday was at Abbey Fields, Colchester, where between two and three hundred soldiers were engaged in putting up the camps for the Duke of Connaught and his staff, and one for the umpires.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative a senior officer said: "The idea of the manoeuvres in Essex is that the county will be considered as a foreign country for the time being, and the British troops will experiment to see how they can disembark and embark a large force of men with their horses, guns, and field equipments ready to march and give battle to the enemy."

"There is some talk that a force of Volunteers will appear as a surprise in the middle of the manoeuvres, but nothing is known definitely except at headquarters in London."

"It was arranged at first that the invasion of the British Army should be successful, but owing to the fact that feelings of alarm might be raised in the country I believe the invaders will be repelled and driven back to their boats."

The landing of the Blues will take place on Wednesday near Clacton. The foreign attaches arrive at Colchester on the same day, and the manoeuvres continue until the 15th.

The provisioning of the armies will be a great task; food is being prepared by the ton, and hundreds of barrels of beer are going forward. Trains of commissariat wagons are already invading Essex.

MR. BECK'S HOLIDAY.

City Council and Sir Forrest Fulton's Responsibility.

It is becoming every day more clear that there is no intention on the part of the Press or public to allow the Beck case to drop without a full and sufficient inquiry. It is now fifteen days since the Home Office inquiry was demanded.

At meetings in all parts of the country resolutions demanding a thorough investigation of this terrible miscarriage of justice are being passed. It is felt that at the present time no man is safe from wrongful imprisonment.

Sir Forrest Fulton's connection with the Beck case is to be reviewed at the next meeting of the Court of Common Council.

The Recorder is a paid servant of the Corporation, and it is felt that his responsibility in the matter should be thoroughly inquired into.

Next week a wax effigy of Mr. Beck will be installed at Madame Tussaud's. Mr. Beck has given many sittings to Mr. Louis Tussaud.

Mr. Beck yesterday left England for a short holiday. In a letter thanking the newspapers for their sympathy and support he expresses the hope that his sufferings may be the means of bringing about the foundation of a Criminal Court of Appeal.

Divers have discovered off Jutland thirty-six cannon, each weighing about five tons, which belonged to the St. George, an English ship of war which was lost on this coast in 1811.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children's teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures his gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.

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MOUNTED CIGAR CASES.

FOUR SILVER CORNERS, HALF-MARKED.
RETAIL PRICE ... 5/6
OUR PRICE (post paid) ... 4/6

A limited number of these splendid Cigar Cases will be sold at the above absurd price to introduce to you our Smoking Specialities.

SEND AT ONCE YOUR MONEY COMES BACK IF YOU ARE NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

P.O. to
THE VALDORA CIGAR CO.,
20, Soothing House, 61, Great Tower Street,
London, E.C.

NEWS FROM ALL PARTS.

M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, will leave London to-day for Paris.

New Government buildings are to be erected at Colchester costing £80,000.

Armenians in London will to-night entertain their Archbishop at the Golden Bells, High-street, Notting Hill.

Lieut.-Colonel Williams, commanding the Scots Greys, denies the statement that the regiment is to be mounted on other than grey horses.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have ordered from the Fairfield Company, of Glasgow, a high-speed turbine steamer for their Newhaven-Dieppe service.

AWKWARD ITALIAN BOY.

A young Italian hawker of Edinburgh jumped so awkwardly from the promenade to the beach at Portobello that, although the distance was only two feet, he broke his right thigh.

MEDLARS ON SALE.

For the first time this season medlars were on sale at the fruiterers yesterday.

Last year this little-known autumn fruit enjoyed a mild boom of popularity.

CYCLE TRADE UPSET.

"I have made my last machine," is the general remark of all small manufacturers in the cycle trade.

The new standard eight-guinea machine is beyond competition for the smaller men, who must in future content themselves with agency work and repairs.

NO ORNAMENT WANTED.

The following advertisement appears in this week's "Church Times":—

USEFUL Nursery Gownness wanted, mid-September; alphabet, etc., teaching, with care of two girls, 6 and 8 years, baby 14 months; clergyman's household; servant kept; kindergarten experience useful; refinement essential; needlewoman; healthy; capable; not merely an ornament. State age, experience, salary, with photo and references, Mrs. A. Trinity-road, Scarborough.

ENGINE-DRIVER'S RAZOR STROPS.

When Charles Pennington, an engine-driver, arrived at Crewe a detective noticed an arm-rest projecting from his pocket.

He was also found to have a window strap in his possession, and when before the magistrates yesterday he said he had taken them for razor stropps. He was fined £2 and the amount of the damage.

NO DOCTOR NEEDED STATE.

The profession of medicine is a path to fortune only for the few, says the "British Medical Journal."

But it has the great advantage in that no practitioner who is willing and able to work need starve.

Such tragedies as are from time to time revealed when an inquest raises the curtain that shrouds the life of a briefest barrister are practically unknown among doctors.

PENTONVILLE HILL RACES STOPPED.

Omnibuses travelling up Pentonville Hill are provided with an extra horse, which in the past has been ridden by a boy.

Now they are driven up and down by the drivers and left with an attendant at either end, with the result that their condition has greatly improved, since the boys, who are dismissed, no longer use them for impromptu races.

PIANO-PLAYING RECORDS.

Among the pianists of the Yorkshire public-houses there is a keen competition for the title of long-time record player.

William Frost, of the Turk's Head, Hull, has been credited with having played for seventeen hours, starting at six o'clock in the morning. Landlords do not encourage piano playing beyond eleven in the evening, as after that hour refreshment can no longer be served to any audience attracted by the perspiring pianist.

FORTUNES SPENT ON PETS.

Cat's Doctor's Bill Would Keep a Family a Year.

Scarcely credible is the extravagance of society women as regards their pet animals and birds.

"It is hardly policy for me to say so," said a veterinary surgeon to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, "for these ladies' fads add many hundreds to my income, but I think it is simply scandalous that such enormous sums of money should be frittered away on animals when there is so much poverty and distress amongst London's poor."

"Take one case," he continued, "where a lady paid a bill of £292 for medical attendance on a cat whose only complaint was overfeeding. This sum would keep a working man's family in moderate comfort for a year."

£340 for board and medical attendance was the amount of a bill recently paid to a Hastings veteri-

One child in every four dies before twelve months old in Bury through the mothers working in factories.

Too hard up to afford a week at Blackpool, Oldham workmen are spending their holidays fishing in Wales.

Mr. John Morley has accepted Mr. Carnegie's invitation to deliver an address to the Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce on November 4.

Held in abeyance since the opening of the South African war the Volunteer Artillery competitions take place at Shoeburyness on Wednesday and Thursday next.

Whilst shooting over Frith Farm, near Dover, yesterday, Mr. Eric Crundall, son of Sir William Crundall, Mayor of Dover, was wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun.

CAT DISDAINS COMFORT.

From Sunderland comes a cat story illustrative of the pertinacity and suspicion of the feline mind.

A grey cat had planted itself on a householder and, though repeatedly chased into the street, it returned and was found in a hat-box with four kittens.

These were held in a pail of water and then thrown into the dustbin, but the mother rescued them and brought them back.

After the cat had been sent four miles into the country, from whence it carried back its kittens one by one, the householder relented, prepared a comfortable bed, and provided a supply of milk to make puss happy.

Regarding these comforts with the utmost suspicion, the cat gathered her family together and silently stole forth into the night, and has been no more seen.

RAILWAY WINDOW ETIQUETTE.

That etiquette vests the control of the railway carriage window in the passenger in the corner seat facing the engine has been officially confirmed at the Accrington Police Court.

For preventing a young lady occupying that position from exercising her right to have the window up James Kenyon was fined 40s. and costs. A charge brought against him for using bad language was dismissed, as he brought a lady witness to prove it was "the sort of language he always used."

FIFTEEN YEARS OF PATRONAGE.

With the exception of Mr. Justice Wills and Mr. Justice Kennedy all the Judges of the Supreme Court owe their appointments to Lord Halsbury, who to-day celebrates his seventy-ninth birthday.

He was first appointed Lord Chancellor in June, 1885, and held office for seven months. His next tenure was from August 1886 to 1892, just over six years, and his third tenure commenced July, 1895, and has continued up to the present time—more than nine years.

NO NEWSPAPERS FOR LIBRARIES.

Librarians from all parts at their conference at Newcastle have been unanimous in their decision that no newspapers should find a place in public libraries.

Sir William Bailey, of Salford, said that in these days of halfpenny papers the money could be better applied to other purposes.

It was agreed to ask Mr. Stead to republish the index of periodicals he has lately discontinued, and to offer financial assistance.

FITTED FOR A PRESIDENT.

At the meeting of the Auctioneers' Institute, held at Cardiff this week, one of the speakers recited a professional incident which put the credibility of the audience to a severe strain.

The first to recover himself audibly remarked: "He ought to be our new president."

IMPROMPTU SAIL.

Seeing his father's boat on the beach, the twelve-year-old son of a Milford fisherman named Carpenter put out into the deep channel.

While spreading out his jacket to form a sail he fell backwards and was drowned.

nary surgeon for board and medical attendance on the pet dogs of a lady of fashion.

In addition to the expense for medical attendance and boarding charges while their owners are out of London, most ladies who keep pets pay an attendant, generally a lady in reduced circumstances, to act as a kind of animal governess. Her duties are to keep the pets clean, feed them, and see that they learn no bad habits.

Even when death carries off one of these spoiled pets of fashion further expenditure is involved, as Mr. Rowland Ward, the Piccadilly taxidermist, can testify, for a very large portion of his business consists of stuffing and mounting birds and animals for their sorrowing mistresses.

It is hard to believe how much affection is expended on these society pets, but it is well shown in the case of a lady, some of whose pets fell ill while they were boarding out. Though her London house was closed, she put up at a West End hotel, and sent her carriage twice daily for reports of the sick animals.

When two of them died she drove to the veterinary infirmary attired in black, and herself carried them to the taxidermist.

Mr. H. B. Chatterton, former Conservative candidate for Crewe, has been adopted to contest Tottenham.

For being drunk and carrying a loaded revolver on a hoppers' train John Loneragan has been fined 40s. at Southwark.

Lieutenant L. C. Milward was yesterday fined £5 and 38s. 6d. costs at Chelmsford for driving a motor-car at a dangerous speed. In a collision he had killed a horse.

A platelayer named Turney, aged twenty-five, was knocked down and killed by a passenger train yesterday morning outside Aylesbury Station on the London and North-Western Railway.

PORPOISES AT BLACKFRIARS.

About three o'clock yesterday afternoon hundreds of persons witnessed from Blackfriars Bridge three fine porpoises, some four feet in length, disporting themselves in the river.

LATEST FROM "PING-PONG."

"Latest from Liao-ying!" was too exhausting a lingual effort for the average London newsboy yesterday. "Latest from Ping-Pong!" was generally the improvised substitute.

SUNDAY WORK EXTRA.

With the first Sunday of the present month the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway make a momentous concession to their staff.

All grades will be paid extra time for their Sunday work.

LIFT TO THE PRESS GALLERY.

Workmen are in possession of the Houses of Parliament, carrying out a scheme of cleansing and redecoration.

Among the alterations is a big hydraulic lift to the Press Gallery in the place of the present ill-lighted and winding staircase.

ASSETS LOST BY TALK.

"Don't talk so much, it's too expensive for the creditors," was a remark made to a loquacious debtor by Registrar Cooper at the Liverpool Bankruptcy Court.

He explained that if such long speeches were made the whole of the assets would be due to the official shorthand writer.

UNINVITING POULTRY.

The production of good poultry will never be overdone.

According to the "Stock-Keeper" there is in England to-day a surplus of lean, skinny, sharp-breasted specimens, so uninviting that when would-be purchasers see them they are turned against poultry.

NO DOG LICENCE FOR YEARS.

Max Renard, owner of ten dogs, which are at present performing at the New Cross Empire Music Hall, was fined £2 at Greenwich Police Court yesterday for failing to have licenses for them.

The defence was that the dogs had been travelling all countries for years, and licenses had never before been required.

CLOTH TRADE DEPRESSED.

Stroud, the centre of the West of England cloth trade, is suffering acutely from trade depression.

At the Court of Guardians yesterday it was announced that eight parishes in the union were sixteen days in arrear with their rates.

Never in the history of the district had it been so difficult to get the rates paid.

STEAM ROLLER AT £374 A MILE.

Serious doubts have disturbed the equanimity of the rural council of Brigg on the economy of using steam rollers.

At the village of Newstead a steam roller has been used at a cost of £374 a mile, while at the adjacent parish of Thornton, where the ordinary traffic acts as its own ironer, the road charges are only £27 per mile.

SHOPKEEPERS' WALL.

"To American visitors:—This is a shop, not a museum."

A placard with this curious inscription on it is to be found in a prominent position in a well-known West End establishment.

It is due, a *Mirror* representative was informed yesterday, to the stinginess of American shoppers, who will spend hours in wandering through West End shops without buying anything.

"A good many people think," said one tradesman, "that we make a tremendous amount of money out of American visitors."

There are a few who spend lavishly, but the majority of them seem to include the shops in their sight-seeing programme.

Hotel-keepers have the same story of the economical habits of the average American.

"They are not wine drinkers," said one hotel-keeper, "except of the very cheapest brands of champagne, and though they have to pay for their rooms they endeavour to save money by feeding at restaurants."

BELLES OF THE EAST.

Final Scenes in the Whitechapel Beauty Show.

Last night saw the final in the beauty competition at the Cambridge Music-hall, Whitechapel.

The theatre was packed with partisans of the twenty-eight beauties, and the air was full of excitement. Three judges, solemnly sitting among the fairest daughters of Whitechapel, had to give their final votes. Previous voting had narrowed the competitors to three or four, prominent among whom were Miss Rebecca Mayne, a young dress-maker, dark-eyed, with gleaming black hair—a worthy representative of the chosen race—and Miss Hannah Lyons, also a daughter of Israel, blonde and blue eyed, who is a deft roller of cigarettes.

The audience whistled and cheered, gave gratuitous advice to the embarrassed stars, and entered into fierce discussions. "That chap on the right wouldn't know a beauty if he saw one," indignantly explained a young man in a red tie and large diamond.

"Call 'Becca Mayne a beauty," observed a sparkling-eyed dame in a huge hat; "why, if our Leah was at home, she wouldn't have half a chance."

As the judges stopped before each beauty and gravely regarded her billow hair and sparkling eyes excitement grew more intense. A devoted sweetheart in the stalls adored his love to "smile at 'em," but was promptly extinguished by his neighbours.

One beauty flushed painfully beneath the eyes of her critics, another giggled, a third stared with intense earnestness, and the fourth grew perceptibly paler as the stern judges drew near.

Finally, it was announced that the judges had recorded their votes, and the results would be made known later. Miss Mayne was generally considered the probable winner.

50 MILES DAILY ON FRUIT.

Slim Dietary for a Great Feat of Endurance.

George Allen, who for the third time is attempting the remarkable feat of walking from Land's End to John o' Groat's on a fruit and milk diet, arrived at Bristol last night.

He has thus accomplished just over 250 miles of his long journey, which began on Monday. He is averaging about fifty miles per day.

The dietary upon which the walk is being undertaken is peculiar. Breakfast consists of shredded wheat, Grape-Nuts or porridge, and "nut butter," which is made of ground walnuts.

Whilst actually walking Allen partakes principally of a fruit cake, made by a Birmingham firm, composed of figs and dates ground up with almonds and walnuts. Of this about a couple of ounces are eaten three times during the day's walk.

His chief drink is water, and he also takes milk in considerable quantities.

After the day's walk Allen indulges in bread and milk or lentil and haricot soup.

Allen leaves Bristol this morning for Worcester, via Gloucester and Tewkesbury. He lives on the "Back to the Land" colony on the Cotswold Hills, near Stroud. Here he has built, entirely by himself, a six-roomed bungalow, and divides his time between journalistic work and gilding the land.

Year in and year out his clothing only consists of white duck trousers and a white smock, and his wife and children always go about barefooted.

PHOTO PRIZE-WINNERS.

Cheques Awarded for Pictures Taken with "Mirror" Cameras.

To-day we reproduce on page 8 some photographs taken by our readers with the remarkable camera sold for 3s. 9d. to advertise the *Daily Mirror*.

Prizes amounting to ten guineas have been awarded to those of our readers who took these successful pictures, and our only regret is that it was impossible to award prizes to all the competitors. Hundreds of the pictures sent to us were exceptionally good, and it was with difficulty that we were able to pick out the best. The following are the lucky prize-winners:—

£2 2s. for Time Exposure.—S. Adamson, 10, Upper Hastings-street, Leicester.

£2 2s. for Snapshot.—W. F. Groevert, 60, Quarrendon-street, Fulham, S.W.

£1 1s. Each for the Next Six.—H. C. Adams, 52, Conio-street, Romford; S. A. Gibbons, Aberfoyle, Park-road, Ipswich; Albert A. Whitney, 1, Ash-terrace, Cripplewell, N.W.; Mrs. F. Chambers, 101, Fortunes Well, Portland, Dorset; A. G. Taylor, 8, Sharpe-road, WallSEND-on-Tyne; Miss Audrey Anderson, 45, Norton-road, Hove, Brighton.

The wonderful *Mirror* cameras are still on sale. Full particulars will be found on page 2.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1988 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 35, Rue Talbott.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.; payable in advance.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

MAKING HISTORY.

THE Russo-Japanese war has reached a height of supreme dramatic and historic interest.

We are waiting for news of the fate of two nations which hangs in the balance of the success or failure of General Kuropatkin's retreat northwards on Mukden from the flaming ruins of Liao-yang.

While Port Arthur remains in impotent passivity, invested securely by land and sea, General Kuropatkin, in whom lay all remaining hope of relief, must fall back on his base, amid horrors for which only Napoleon's retreat from Moscow can provide a parallel.

The disheartened Russians, handicapped by their heavy impedimentary, hemmed in and harassed by a victorious and encouraged enemy, are thrust pell-mell upon a march of forty miles through a boggy and rain-soaked country.

The Japanese, pressing harder every-hour of day and night, will take merciless advantage of every opportunity and the least sign of weakness.

At Waterloo the military progress of Napoleon was cut short by a delay of a few hours in an advance of reinforcements, and France was no longer mistress of the world.

Between Liao-yang and Mukden we shall perhaps see the great Russian Army, stretched like an immense wounded snail along the road, leaving a red track of hideous carnage, and slowly sobbing out in many days of lingering death Russia's hopes of paramourty in the Far East.

A NEW TERROR.

The sole comment of "Punch" some years ago upon the performance of a society actress in "The School for Scandal" was that she wore Lady Teazle's dresses.

Now, Mrs. Brown Potter, as though the art of acting were not equal to the task, intends to seriously hamper the stage of the Savoy with an endeavour to express emotions by dress.

This is spoken of as a new era in dramatic art. It is merely the miserable apotheosis of modern millinery.

We shall have a craze. We shall have, if you please, the ridiculous spectacle of a love-lorn factory girl spending a month's wages on a patent love-philtre gown made on the latest London model.

While poor souls bathed in hysteria will sit down to study their diseased moods that they may, sadly to see, reproduce them in silk, satin, and stuff.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What if skies be wan and chill?
What if winds be harsh and staid?
Presently the east will thrill,
And the east and shrunken land,
Belling with a kindly gale,
Best you sunwards, while your chance
Sends you back the laughing land—
"Fate's a fiddler, life's a dance."
—W. E. Henley.

IN THE GRIP.



Can the Russian army escape the closing hands?

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD RONALD GOWER has revived his old campaign against modern garb, especially as typified by the silk hat. This time he is organising, or trying to organise, a show of ancient costume in some central gallery. His great object is first to do away with the silk hat, then coat tails, and then the modern long trousers. A soft hat of the Cavalier type and short trousers and gaiters are his idea of reasonable dress. In the privacy of his own home he wears his reformed dress, but bows to general opinion in public.

He has many other interests besides dress reform, for he is quite a well-known writer and sculptor. His chief literary works are a "Life of Joan of Arc" and the "Stafford House Letters." His Shakespeare monument at Stratford-on-Avon is the best known of his sculpture.

As a diplomatist, Sir Edwin Egerton has made a name for himself, and his appointment as Ambassador at Rome is quite natural. But he would have made a much greater name as a detective, for he is blessed with an extraordinary power of minute, but apparently unconscious, observation, and has steadily cultivated it all his life. The result is that he is now nothing less than a Sherlock Holmes. He is also a most accomplished linguist, an invaluable gift in a diplomatic career. He wooed and won a Russian bride in her native tongue—a thing few Englishmen have done.

The much-talked-of "millionaire cabins" on the White Star liner Cedric were full for the first time yesterday, when the Cedric sailed for New York. Lord Dartmouth is one of the passengers who are paying £150 for the crossing. Since he reached the House of Lords he has been rather lost sight of, though he was a well-known member of the House of Commons. Sport of all kinds seems to take up most of his time nowadays, for he is an enthusiastic cricketer and golfer. As a practical joker he is unsurpassed.

Once, while staying in Scotland, he found that he was the only member of the party who did not wear the kilt. That had to be remedied as soon as possible. Accordingly he appeared at breakfast next morning with a bath towel round his nether limbs, the bath sponge attached in front for a sporran, and a toothbrush in his sock for a dirk.

One of the victims of the numerous burglaries which are taking place just now is Major Evans Gordon, member of Parliament for Stepney. It is rather hard luck on him that the house he took in his constituency in order that he might live among the people he represented should be broken into in his absence. That he was not at home is lucky for the burglars, for he is still a fighter. On the outbreak of the war in South Africa he applied for service, and was accepted. No orders for departure

came, however, so he made up his mind to serve in any capacity. He booked his passage, bought his kit and his chargers, and then at the last moment came a message from the authorities forbidding him to leave England without orders. He is not the sort of man to waste time in tackling a burglar.

I think Mr. George Alexander's career was foreshadowed by the names of the first two plays in which he appeared on the stage. The first was "The Snowball," the second "Cool as a Cucumber." That is Mr. Alexander all over. Tonight his new play, "The Garden of Lies," is sure to be a success, for he will have worked it in the same cool, unemotional manner that he has worked at all his other productions. Hard work, much thought, and the sense not to obtrude his own personality all through a play, have made him the successful actor-manager that he certainly is. Whatever he did now he could hardly fail, for he has two distinct audiences. One audience goes to see the play, and the other goes to admire Mr. Alexander. Perhaps the second audience is the larger, but the first is sufficient to ensure success, even if the second failed. But it never does.

In the comments on Mrs. Brown Potter's "emotional dress" no one seems to have noticed the fact that Lady Duff-Gordon, who is responsible for the dresses and designs, is actually a dress-maker. Lady Gordon and "Lucile," famous throughout the world of smartly-dressed women, are one and the same person.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Earl Grey.

A CAPABLE man, and possessed of plenty of tact, he will make a good Governor-General of Canada. He has done well all his life. He started by being born in St. James's Palace. Then he did well in Cambridge, and next in Parliament. As Administrator of Rhodesia he did better still.

The first thing they will find out about him in Canada is that he is always cheerful. He is the Sunny Jim of political life. He simply refuses to worry over trifles. But that does not prevent him working hard.

Nor does hard work prevent him being a charming and entertaining person in social life. He is a good talker, a sympathetic listener, and possesses the manners of a courtier, all qualities which will endear him in his new position.

He will make a dignified Governor-General, too. Tall and erect, he is an aristocrat to the backbone.

The world at large knows him best by his hobbies. His public-house trust is world-famous, and his support of all schemes for the building of garden cities or the beautifying of existing towns is real and tangible. He even-hopes-to make railway embankments things of beauty in time.

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

EPPING HOOLIGANS.

If the numerous rangers and police in Epping Forest were to do their duty instead of prosecuting the genuine poor hawker, such outrages as are now frequent could not occur. Many days this summer I have seen them spending all their time in hounding the hawkers from place to place, and ignoring the hooligan holiday-makers.
Stepney. S. HAINES.

THE TYRANNY OF TIPS.

It seems to me that Mr. Gowe is singularly unfair in his letter on the tyranny of tips. Of course rich men are in favour of it, and equally, of course, poor men do not like it. Waiters, however, being human beings, prefer courteous treatment even to cash, and a sensible and courteous man of the world, rich or poor, gets on very well with very little tipping.
Brighton. D. Z. BEAUMONT.

"SHODDY" TRADE.

There is an evil insidiously creeping upon the country. The wholesale manufacture of shoddy "imitation" goods is doing more harm to England's commerce than any amount of foreign competition. It is no economy for a poor man like myself to buy "Chippendale pattern" chairs, however pleasing in appearance, when their life rarely exceeds nine or twelve months, or solid leather boots at 8s. 11d., which fall to pieces after a week of wet weather; real cheviot suits at 37s. 6d., "22-carat gold-filled" watches, and many other things are equally bad.

The secrets of the production of such goods should be made public as a warning to those who must be content with moderately-priced articles.
Newcastle-on-Tyne. E. FERGUSON.

THE SCARCITY OF SERVANTS.

I am a charwoman, or what is known as a "sully," that is, one who obliges a lady until suited. I have tried to find out the reason of the scarcity of servants in the different houses I have worked in, and I find it is always the same cry—want of liberty.

For instance, I found in one house a kind mistress, easy work, good living, and high wages. Yet no servant would stay. Girls would not stop because they were lonely in the evening, as there was no late dinner. In another house, a lodging-house, where, as everyone knows, there is plenty of work, I found two smart girls who could have found much easier places in private families, but as they were allowed to go out in turn when their work was done at night, they preferred the hard work.

That is the whole cause of the trouble. Girls do not like to have to spend their evenings alone in a dull kitchen. Let them be free when their work is done; and there will be no trouble.
Paddington. A. CHAMP.

A NEW DRINKING FOUNTAIN



The new drinking fountain which has just been erected in Nelson-square, S.E., by the Metropolitan Gardens Association. It is surmounted by a classic figure in bronze, in memory of the late Mr. Sidney Gilchrist Thomas.

NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.



Earl Grey, who has just been appointed to succeed the Earl of Minto as Governor-General of Canada.—(Russell and Sons.)

WINNERS OF THE DAILY MIRROR GREAT PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION



Time exposure: Two scenes of the interior of a church.—£2 2s. prize awarded S. Adamson.



Snapshot: "A Drink in Regent's Park."—£2 2s. prize awarded Mr. W. F. Groerve.



"Inspiration." — £1 1s. prize awarded Miss A. Anderson.



"Shy, but Willing." — £1 1s. prize awarded Mr. A. Y. Taylor.



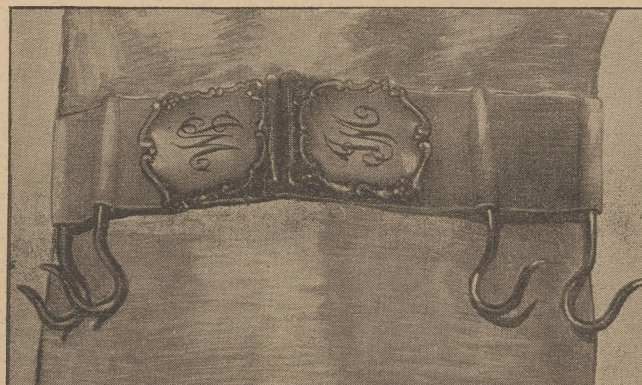
"In our Garden." £1 1s. prize awarded Mr. A. A. Whitney.

A MONSTER CONGER EEL.



Crowds are daily inspecting this huge conger eel outside a fishmonger's shop in Bell-street, Edgware-road. It came from Plymouth, is 9ft. long, weighs 160lb., and is 30in. in girth.

SHOP-LIFTING METHODS IN NEW YORK.



A garter worn by a lady recently arrested in the act of shop-lifting in a New York store. Note the ingenious arrangement of the hooks, to which two pieces of valuable silks and a quantity of rare old lace were found attached when the culprit was searched.

VANISHED BRIDEGROOM.



This morning this gentleman, Mr. George Augustus Stokes, of 36, Fitzroy-square, was to have been married, but he disappeared a week ago, and has not been seen or heard of since.

TO-DAY'S SPORT: FOOTBALL • CYCLING • PARTRIDGE SHOOTING •

ANGLING COMPETITIONS AT EASTBOURNE.



Visitors angling from the pier in the sea-fishing competitions at Eastbourne.

THE PARTRIDGE SEASON.



Making it hot for them.—(Newman, Berkhamstead.)

GOING FOR CYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP



The Australian professional representative in the cycling championships, which commence at the Crystal Palace to-day.

LORD ANGLESEY—MONK.



It is stated that the Marquis of Anglesey intends shortly to enter a very strict foreign brotherhood, and to renounce for ever the pomps and vanities of the outer world.

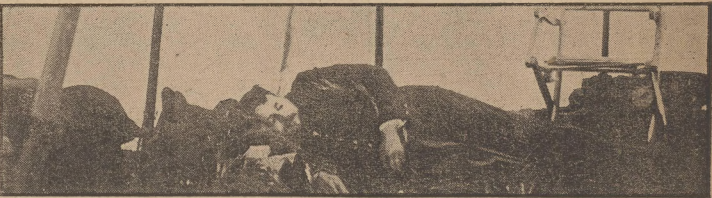


Going through their paces: Tottenham Hotspur football players sprinting on the running track.



John Over, the groundman at the Tottenham Hotspur's ground, getting ready for the opening of the football season. He was a predecessor of Mr. Apted at Kennington Oval.

BARON CAUGHT NAPPING.



Baron Henri de Rothschild, millionaire, enjoying a quiet "forty winks" in camp in France. He can afford it.—(Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.)

ROYAL RESIDENCE AT NEWMARKET.



Grafton House, which has just been purchased for the King at Newmarket, and where he will stay when attending the races. A white cross in this picture indicates the new royal residence. (Sherborn.)

THE HAUNTED MUMMY.



When this British Museum mummy was first photographed, instead of the usual painted features the photographer claims to have discovered the face of a living woman, as shown here.

AUTUMN HATS FOR NEXT WEEK'S DONCASTER RACES.

MILLINERY MODELS.

VELVET RIBBON DARNED INTO STRAW.

The first fact that the observant shopper notices now is that the straw shapes that have prevailed are waning in popularity. In the few instances in which straw is used it is combined with heavy silk, velvet, or some other fabric associated with cooler days.

Flowers are conspicuously absent from the new hats; in order to mark the difference between summer and autumn. The new shapes in white felt are more or less of the sailor order. Not that this should be taken to mean monotony; far from it. There are more shapes and varieties built upon the sailor scheme than one would at first imagine. The latest productions in this way differ materially from their predecessors, for whereas the summer shapes had a tendency to be wider from side to side, the autumn productions lean to larger crowns, with the longer line running just the other way.

Crowns of All Shapes.

And the crowns reveal a great variety of contour. Square crowns, oval crowns, crowns shaped like a flat-iron, others with diamond points, some like the base of a sugar loaf with a flat top, and others with the top rounded off, are among us. All these and more besides are seen in conjunction with the rolling brim that characterises the sailor shape. The brims, of course, are rolled at different angles to harmonise with the crowns, and such a wide range is shown that every possible type of face is sure to be suited.

All the new white felt hats have little touches of colour deftly introduced upon them. And instead of the flowers of the summer-time one finds plumes, and, as the ostrich ones are, of course, out of the question upon this type of hat, the soft coque ones, with feathers that stir with every passing breeze, and the hackle plumes, with their closer, shorter feathers, are observable. Very often the demand for the touch of colouring is expressed in the plume, while the rest of the hat trimming is white. Smoked pearl—a new colouring in dull grey, with glimpses of opaline tints—accords well with white, and when a little knot of burnt orange is tucked in somewhere the effect is very smart indeed.

Turbans for Tailor-made Gowns.

The turban shapes have always been especially suitable to wear with tailor-made gowns, and certainly are very useful during the blustering days of autumn. The torpedo turban is expected to duplicate its successes of the spring and early summer, and the new shapes in this style are, if anything, rather more pointed both back and front, and narrower from side to side. The season's novelty in the turban line, however, is a perfectly round shape that sets well down on the head, and is worn rather far forward, tipped down just the least little

bit on the forehead. The crown is larger and fits the head comfortably under a bandeau, and there is scarcely any space between it and the brim. This model demands very little trimming, and is one of the few shapes seen in straw.

For the girl who is devoted to the tricorné shape, and to those who can wear it at all, this hat is piquantly becoming. There are many lovely models in it, and a very smart one shows a glossy satin straw, interwoven with a darning of narrow velvet ribbon.

A CHILD'S GAME.

FLIES THAT PLAY SEE-SAW.

Here is an amusing little game that the children will find full of fun.

Stick a long lead pencil in the end of a reel of thread, so that it will stand upright. Now get a

GOLF OR TENNIS.

WHICH GAME IS BEST FOR GIRLS?

Which is better for a girl's looks, health, and nerves, golf or tennis.

Among the benefits that it is claimed appertain to lawn tennis are the special ones that to play well improves the carriage of the body, imparts grace of motion, and gives lightness to the step.

On the other side of the account is the argument that the game draws too heavily on the physical and nervous force, and is far too exhausting; in support of which charge it is asserted that the average woman tennis player, though lithe and quick of movement, has a nervous facial expression.

Placidity, on the contrary, beams from the countenance of the woman golfer; while her figure

the scalp and through the hair, allowing the egg to drain into a basinful of hot water, to which have been added the juice of half a lemon and one teaspoonful of salts of tartar. Shampoo the hair well with this, rinse it thoroughly, and dry it in the sun.

A beneficial wash for inflamed eyes is made of fifteen drops of spirits of camphor, one teaspoonful of pure boric acid, and two-thirds of a cup of boiling water. Let the lotion cool, strain it through muslin, and apply it twice a day.

MEMORANDA.

HINTS FROM FASHION'S NOTE BOOK.

Soft old rose shades are gaining steadily in favour. Sleeves show an increasing fulness above the elbow.

The approved wrap is of the shawl order, with long stole ends.

The high-crowned velvet hat will be a leader for the autumn and winter.

A variation of brown likely to be popular this month is termed leather colour.

Moiré antique is to be restored to vogue, both for trimming purposes and for gowns.

Purple, particularly in its softer shadings, will be much in evidence in the early autumn.

Many hats are trimmed with fruit, such as peaches and cherries and their foliage, in natural colours.

Modes of the time of Louis XVI. and the Directoire will be the prevailing ones during the coming season.

Burnt orange is a favourite tint for trimming purposes, and black and blue is a frequently-seen combination.

Round broad-brimmed felt hats are seen in a charming champagne shade, with a single quill for ornamentation.



September banishes flowers from many hats.

piece of very stiff blotting paper, and from it cut a strip about two inches wide and a foot long. On each end of this put a drop of treacle or honey.

Now balance the strip of blotting-paper on the point of the pencil, with the treacle uppermost. You should have two players, although one will do, and each player must choose an end of the paper. In a moment a fly will alight on one end of the paper, attracted by the sweet mess, and that end of the paper will go down a trifle. Then another fly will pop on the other end, or perhaps several will come there for the sweets, and matters will be reversed.

As more flies come, alighting on the ends, the paper will lean first this way, then that, till it overbalances and falls to the table. Then the player whose end grew so heavy as to cause the tumble wins.

Try this, not in the house, but out of doors, where the flies will not trouble anyone.

The bird of paradise plume will divide favour with the ostrich feather.

is solid, without any degree of corpulency, she is broad across the shoulders and hips, and looks most robust.

These, it is asserted, are the results of the up-building effects of the pastime, the combination of the arm swinging in the strokes and the long walks which exercise the muscles of the body to a greater degree than lawn tennis, while there is at no time a sudden shock to the nervous system.

THE TOILET TABLE.

An excellent lotion for tan and freckles is this:—Fifty grains of sodium sulphocarbonate, two ounces of glycerine, one ounce of rose-water, one ounce of alcohol. Apply it with a soft sponge several times a day.

Sometimes applications of lemon-juice alone will banish freckles.

The golden glint in blonde hair can be coaxed back by shampooing it in this way:—Take the yolks of six or seven eggs and rub them well into

Force

satisfies until time for the next meal. No cooking.

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SPELL OF THE DEAD.

Further Mysteries of the Egyptian Mummy Case.

The strange story of the mysterious spell which is attached to the mummy case No. 22,542 in the British Museum has obviously fascinated many of our readers.

The curse of the Priestess of Amen-Ra and the accounts of the terrible fates that have overtaken people who have had anything to do with her coffin have led many readers to write to the *Mirror*.

What Is the Meaning of It?

Most of them seek for an explanation of the mystery, but it is impossible to give one that would at all satisfy any sane common-sense person.

On the other hand, others scoff at the idea of there being any power at work that we do not understand, and suggest that the series of misfortunes are merely coincidences.

One of the most interesting letters on the subject is from a gentleman who asks that his name shall not be published. In a letter, dated Thursday, he writes:—

"As that mummy case remained in my care until it was presented at my request to the British Museum by the owner (a member of

my family), and as I was the one who perceived the curious sequence of remarkable occurrences which befell almost all who came into touch with it, I trust you will excuse my telling you that the real facts are even more extraordinary than as told in the *Mirror*. I have only learned what has taken place during the last few days from your journal this morning.

I shall, however, be interested to see in tomorrow's *Daily Mirror* whether the same astral form overshadows the cartouche in Mr. Mansell's photograph as it appeared in the negative of the photograph which I had taken, after noticing several recurrences of strange coincidences.

The astral form in my photograph was that of a man, not of a woman, as stated in the *Daily Mirror*, and the face of the priestess was also visible. I do not consider her face to be malignant.

It may be mentioned that the photograph taken by Mr. Mansell, which was reproduced in yesterday's *Mirror*, showed the mummy case as it actually appeared. There was nothing extraordinary about the photograph, though the misfortunes which overtook the photographers were certainly inexplicable.

In correcting our report about the strange photograph which made the woman appear alive, the writer of this letter seems to be under a misapprehension. There is such a photograph, and a copy of it in the Museum by the side of the original mummy case.

The photograph, which he says he himself took, showing the astral body of a priest, is one of which our representative had not heard, and is a new

and interesting addition to the mystery surrounding this story. The writer proceeds:—

You ask for some explanation of the occurrences after the case left my house, among which were four serious accidents and four configurations.

He then suggests that the mysterious influence may come from the spirit of this priest, which appeared on his negative. The letter then continues:—

The body of the priestess, to whose mummy the case had been the covering, still rests in its native land, but the hand was brought to England.

That hand was unwashed in my presence, and when the fingers could be unclasped we found several grains of oats within, which were sown in a pot of mould. They soon sprouted, and I watched the shoots grow two feet and eventually yield grain.

"I. C. D." and "G. Birch" and others write suggesting that the disasters have been caused by a bad spirit, but Mr. J. T. Orton, a photographer of Stamford Hill, boldly champions the cause of the sepioids.

"I have taken a photograph of the mummy case," he writes, "and no evil has befallen me. And to show you how easily the photograph which shows you the face of a living woman may have been produced, I enclose a 'faked' photograph in which the mummy face has been blocked out and a living being's face substituted."

We publish this composite photograph on page 9, but it may be pointed out that there was no reason why the other strange photographs should have been made to deceive.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXIII. (continued).

"You may well shrink from me," the man whispered hoarsely, "and yet—it was an accident. I did not mean to kill him. He screamed for help. I tried to stifle his cries. He was weak and old. He died—and I am a murderer."

Juliet calmed herself and resumed her seat by the bedside. The man's eyes watched her face hungrily.

"He was weak and old," he whispered pitifully, "I did not mean to kill him." Juliet placed her hand on his cold fingers, though she shuddered at the touch.

"You are mistaken," she said gently, "I did not shrink from you. It was from the name of Carl Schwartz."

"I was told that it was for my country," the man continued, "and I was paid well. But all the gold in the world could not repay me for what I have suffered. The life of concealment—the terrors of a hunted man by day and by night. The voice of conscience! The scene returning to me again and again, and each time more clear in its details. And always near to me the shadow of the gallows."

His voice had sunk to so low a whisper that Juliet had to lean forward to catch the words. He closed his eyes and lay still as death. Juliet spoke to him, but he did not answer. She quickly measured out a dose of the medicine and poured it between his half-open lips. Some of the red liquid ran down his chin and stained the coverlet, as though with blood. He opened his eyes and sighed. Then he tried to speak, but could only make inarticulate noises in his throat. He pointed to the bottle. Juliet gave him another dose of the medicine, and his eyes sparkled.

"It's near now," he whispered, "and you cannot beat death with that stuff. You will find some papers in one of the pockets of my coat. Please give them to me."

She found them and placed them in his hand, a few dirty and worn envelopes and some odd scraps of paper that a man collects in his pockets. Without raising his hand from the coverlet he turned them over and picked out a narrow slip of blue paper, traced at the edge and slightly crumpled. "Take this," he said frankly, struggling at the utterance of each word. "It may be of some value. You have been very good to me. I suppose it is of value. It is a copy of the paper for which I killed John Alured. The original is in the possession of Carl Schwartz."

Juliet took the piece of dirty paper from the man's fingers, and as she did so, his eyes opened with horror. Sitting sharply up in bed he stared at the blank wall opposite, as though he could see the shadow of death on the white plaster. Then suddenly he fell back with a bitter cry of anguish, and his head lay white and still on the pillow.

Juliet gave him a dose of medicine, but he still lay motionless. She pressed the bell and the nurse entered. The latter gave one glance at him, and laid her hand on his heart.

"He is dead," she said quietly. Juliet stood, white-faced and trembling, with the slip of paper quivering in her fingers.

"Arrange about the funeral," she said in a low voice, "and let me go. I should like to be there. I will pay all expenses."

She turned and left the room. An hour later she was in her bedroom at Edwardes-square, but she could not banish the vision of Lieder's white face from her eyes.

Then, for the first time, she glanced at the slip of blue paper for which a man had bartered his

immortal soul. To her surprise it contained nothing but the following lines of figures:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 2 3 4 5 6 1 3 4 5 6 1 2 4 5 6 1 2 3 5 1 2 3 4 6 1 2 3 4 5 6

It was absolutely meaningless, and, apparently, absolutely worthless. A message in cypher, or perhaps, the key to cypher. And it was for this that one man had taken the life of another. She replaced the slip of paper in her purse, and went to bed.

But she did not sleep much that night. Wild visions chased each other through her restless brain. Schwartz, Lieder, Stanton, Mrs. Walden, the dead colonists of Mashangweland, all whirled round and round like straws in a tornado. And in the background, loomed the face of John Gramphorn, gigantic, overpowering, and relentless. He stood apart, like some stupendous force that stirs up and directs the storm.

CHAPTER XXIV. The Bolt from the Blue.

John Gramphorn was now in the height of his power and popularity. It is true that the country still hovered on the brink of a war, but Gramphorn had no doubt that the Germans would be pacified by some graceful concession in another part of the world. The new Government had given him an assurance that Mashangweland should never become German territory. The Ministry was a new venture in politics, and had been formed by a great Liberal Imperialist. It was quite clear that they were going to be more imperial in their methods than the Tories, who had made Imperialism the watchword of England.

Gramphorn had every reason to be satisfied with himself. Last morning, about three weeks after his acquittal, he sat in his private office and frowned at a thin slip of paper which lay on the desk before him. It was a list of prices of the Mashangweland group. Every share had opened a trifle lower that morning, and by twelve o'clock they had fallen away a quarter of a point, and Mashangweland Investment Trust had fallen nearly a half. He pushed the knob of an electric bell and his secretary entered.

"Send over to Mr. Loden," he said curtly, "and say I should like to see him."

"Yes, sir. The Duke of Wiltshire is here, and wishes to know if you can spare him a few minutes."

"Show him in," Gramphorn replied, with a slight smile. The secretary left the room, and the Duke entered. He was a man of about sixty. His fine aristocratic face bore the traces of a hard-lived life. His wife was a leader of society, and he had never known a moment's rest since he had married her.

"Well, Gramphorn," he said cheerfully, as he took the financier's proffered hand. "Anything good going?" Gramphorn smiled. Every peer of his acquaintance had been to see him during the past fortnight, and more than one lady of title had swept into his office to find some easy method of settling her debts at bid.

"All Mashangweland shares are good," Gramphorn replied.

"Of course," the Duke said, with a keen look at Gramphorn's face, "but are you going to put them up?"

"They are going down this morning," said Gramphorn, "it's a good opportunity to buy. They will right themselves to-morrow."

"Yes, certainly. I do not intend to let them go down below yesterday's prices. I shall buy myself."

"What are the best?" the Duke asked. Gramphorn looked on the list before him.

"Investment Trust have gone down a half," he

replied. "If you buy a hundred thousand, you will make fifty thousand pounds profit. The Duke's eyes sparkled, but he was a cautious man.

"Let's see," he said slowly, "that's the company that bought Manning's mine?"

"We have an option on the mine," Gramphorn replied. "We shall not buy it until we have proved it to be all that he claims for it."

"That has not been done yet."

"No," Gramphorn answered; "but Manning is a reliable man. It has been impossible to get to the foot of the country during the present disturbances."

"And supposing it is all a fraud?" Gramphorn shrugged his shoulders.

"The company holds a million acres of land, which is just as good as any on your Grace's estate." The Duke smiled. Then the commissioner entered with a card.

"My broker is here. Buy Investment Trust. You cannot go wrong if you do that."

The Duke of Wiltshire thanked Gramphorn cordially, shook hands, and left the room. Then Mr. Loden entered. He was a small, spare man, with a thin, clean-shaven face. He was dressed quietly, but with perfect taste. He was the son of a Duke of Loden and Spielman, one of the oldest, richest, and most respected firms in the City.

"Well, Loden," said Gramphorn, "what does all this mean?"

"Profit-taking," replied Mr. Loden uneasily; "but I will tell you for certain in a few minutes. I will wait until a note is received to find out. I told him to come straight here."

"Well, it doesn't much matter," continued Gramphorn, "you must buy for me and keep the prices up to yesterday's level. No one will dare to sell a bear just now." Mr. Loden frowned.

"If there's war," he said, "everything will go down."

"There won't be war, Loden," Gramphorn snapped out, "I've told you that, and I know." A man entered with a note for Mr. Loden, and left the room. The great broker frowned as he read the contents. Then he handed it to Gramphorn without a word.

"Bears at work, eh?" said Gramphorn, as he glanced at the slip of paper, "200,000 shares in Investment Trust, 50,000 in Consolidated, 50,000 in Development. If, I am sorry for them, Loden."

"Am I to buy?"

"Yes, you can buy all that are sold, and when you have done this, you can go on buying up to 250,000 shares, and then you ask for delivery. I will teach them a lesson they won't forget in a hurry."

Loden rose as calm and collected as though he had been directed to purchase a ton of coal.

"Shall I find out who is selling?" he asked.

"Yes," Gramphorn replied, "if you can." Loden went out of the room, and the financier was alone.

"They were not so pleasant. This selling of Mashangweland shares was nothing in itself. He knew well enough that he could easily keep the market up against a few individual sellers. But it was hard to imagine why anyone should sell a bear of Mashangweland shares. Profit-taking was comprehensible. But when men sell shares they have not sold, then so the hope of the shares going down. Now why should anyone imagine that Mashangweland shares were going down. This was the problem that confronted John Gramphorn, and the more he examined it, the less he liked it.

"Two hundred thousand Investment Trust," he said to himself; "they are bearing the company that is doing nothing. Manning's Mining (Gold Mine) They are going for that! And, curiously enough, that is the real weak spot, and the only man who knows it is George Stanton." He rang the bell and a clerk entered.

"Send round at once to Mr. George Stanton," he said, curtly, "and tell him that I must see him before four o'clock." Then his thoughts were

SEASIDE IN LONDON.

Scenes and Incidents on the Embankment Parade.

Londoners have awakened to the possibilities of the Embankment as a seaside resort.

Yesterday, immediately the sun had come, three deck chairs were seen on the space surrounding Cleopatra's Needle. They were occupied by a lady, camping there for the afternoon with her fanwork and a paper-covered novel, and her two little girls.

An elderly gentleman attired in seaside grey strolled by, leading his little grandson, a slight youth of some six years, with pink legs, bare toes, brown sandals, and an immaculate suit of brown holland that fitted his shrimp-like figure trimly and nearly reached his knees.

On Charing Cross Pier two ladies in holiday livens sauntered up and down—six steps each way—pausing at intervals to search the sea and the far horizon with a telescope, to the accompaniment of eager remarks about His Majesty's fleet—such portion of it, at least, as lay in harbour at the foot of Temple-avenue.

The same fashionable haunt was further adorned by the presence of a young man in white flannels, sitting comfortably on a ship's gangway, and leisurely reading a pink newspaper.

On the parade at the rear of the pier a brisk dispensation of afternoon tea was going on to a party, who had perhaps come from Southend.

turned off the matter by the arrival of a fellow-financier, who was interested in the formation of a new Mashangweland company. The two were closeted together for over an hour, and at the end of that time nearly a dozen people were waiting to see him. He saw them in rotation, and gave them about two minutes each. They all had something to sell, or some favour to ask. In rank they ranged from a broken-down lawyer's clerk to an Irish earl. Gramphorn dealt with them courteously, but swiftly. He bought nothing, and he gave nothing except advice to buy Mashangweland shares.

At one o'clock he went up West, and lunched at the Savoy with the new Foreign Secretary. At three o'clock he returned to the office, learnt that Mashangweland shares had rallied, and opened a note that lay on his desk. It was from Mr. Loden, and ran as follows:—

As far as I can ascertain, the names of the people who are selling are a Mrs. Walden, and a Mr. Wilkinson, and a Mr. Burt. They have both sold a small line through our firm.—LODEN.

Gramphorn smiled as he folded up the note and placed it in his pocket. Then he rang the bell.

"What about Mr. Stanton?" he said, as the man entered.

"He's gone, sir. Went off last night to Paris. He has left no address."

"Thank you," Gramphorn replied; "show in Mr. Abrahams, if he is here." A few moments later a big, stout Jew entered, and produced an enormous scheme for the consolidation of all the Mashangweland Companies. Gramphorn smiled at him graciously, and asked him to call again. He was followed in turn by a dozen other people. At last he told his secretary to see that he was left alone.

At six o'clock the clerk left, but Gramphorn still stayed on in his private room. The commissioner smoked his pipe outside his bid folding-doors of the outer office.

Then he went into the ante-room and looked at the tape machine. It was silent, for the Stock Exchange had long been closed. Gramphorn took up long folds of paper, and glanced through his fingers to ascertain the closing prices of the Mashangweland shares. The result was satisfactory. They were even higher than they had been the day before.

There was another machine in the room, and that was still ticking merrily. It was the Exchange Telegraph Company's instrument, and long typewritten sentences rolled out from it incessantly. Gramphorn strolled over to it, and glanced at the latest news.

A brief account of a murder in Brixton was being ticked out. It was followed by some Parliamentary news, and Gramphorn's eyes brightened as he read that the Foreign Secretary had made a definite statement about the future of Mashangweland. He had not wasted two hours at the Savoy in vain. Then came the result of a big divorce case, then the starting prices of a race in the north, and then Gramphorn suddenly drew in his breath sharply, for the next words were "Mr. Manning, of Mashangweland fame."

It was the end of the line, and the pause seemed to occupy at least an hour. Then Gramphorn's eager eyes spelt out each letter of the words that followed, and his face grew pale.

"Has committed suicide from the Dieppe boat," the relentless machine continued. Gramphorn raised his fist as though to dash it into the glass, but still the machine rolled on. "He has left behind him the confession of a great fraud," it continued, "involving"—Gramphorn seized a heavy book from the table and crashed it on the instrument with all his strength. The glass was shattered into a thousand pieces, and the delicate machine crumpled up, gave one long whirr, and then rested in silence. And in the silence John Gramphorn stood face to face with the vengeance of a dead man.

(To be continued on Monday.)

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THE CITY.

Points to the Good—The "Rich Man's Gamble."

The Stock Exchange is closed to-day, but the greater optimism prevailing, caused the market to finish up its working week in gay style, notwithstanding at least one adverse feature. The points to the good were the war news, which even Paris took with equanimity, the prospects of cheaper money for the next week or two, which the bankers explain to the Stock Exchange, and a fine week-end prospect, which dealers in Home Railway passenger lines thought hopeful. Consols were merely steady, but there was shortage of stock in Indians, and these and other gilt-edged stocks were decidedly firm.

Next to the firmness of gilt-edged descriptions the feature was the slump in Corporation Syndicates, the "rich man's gamble," as it used to be called. When the shares were £100 denomination, this prospecting concern had its shares rushed up to £3,000. Yesterday's lowest point of 3 for the new shares was equivalent to £300 only—a stiff loss even for a rich man. The shares closed 3, and opened at 6½, on the abandonment of certain options and other bad news. This somewhat frightened the "Kaffir" market, but shares did not lose much in value. Other mining sections were dull and featureless for the most part.

Foreign Market.

By far the outstanding feature of the Foreign market was the strength of Peruvian Corporations on dividend prospects. Paris was a little inclined to sell some of the Foreign favourites, Rio Tinto being affected by the lower price of the metal. Russians only lost ½ on the war news at the worst, and Japanese were naturally buoyant, with substantial gains. Some people think the new Japanese loan will now not be long in coming.

Towards the finish the dealers put up Home Railway passenger stocks, such as Brighton, "A" and Dover. "A," on week-end travelling prospects. Americans were good all day. We put them better than New York over-estimated and New York better than London. The shares they closed right up at the top, with Steels leading, notwithstanding that Wall Street is holiday-making to-day all Monday.

The Grand Trunk dealers expect £10,000 traffic decrease to-day; but, notwithstanding this fact, Grand Trunk were firm. Argentine Pacific, Argentine Argentine Rails were a prominent feature on dividend prospects, especially Pacific, Great Southern, and B.A. Westerns. Mexican Rails were steady.

Nelsons, on the meat strike in Chicago, Hudson's Bays on immigration prospects, Nitrate and Trust descriptions are the good features in the Miscellaneous group.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we do not attempt to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

*Consols 9½ pc.	88½	Pacific	120½
"Do Account	88½	Western	120½
"India 3 pc.	94½	Mexican First	86
London C.C. 3 pc.	92½	"Do Ord.	181
East. War Loan 97½	97½	Rosario Consol	96½
Transvaal Loan	96½	"Do Def.	83
Argentine 1880	101½	*Canadian Pacific	127½
"Do Fundg	103½	Guano Ord.	181
Brazilian 4 pc 1889 73½	79	"Do 1st Pref.	97½
Chili 1886	87	"Do 2nd	84½
Chinese 4 pc 1890 100½	101½	"Do 3rd	86½
"Do 1892	101½	Nitrato Ord.	71½
Italian	103	Aerated Bread	63
"Jap. 5 pc Gd. 36-8 88	90	Allopp Ord.	24½
"Do 4 pc	70	"Do Coats	96½
Per. Debts	94	Cas. Light Ord.	94½
"Do Pref.	201	Hudson Bay	42
Portuguese	62½	*Lan. Gen. Ord.	117
Russian 4 pc 1899 91½	91½	Lipson	109½
Spanish 4 pc (5½) 87	87½	L & L D. Df. Ord.	69½
Turkish 4 pc Un'd 83½	83½	Nelson	226½
Uruguay 5½ pc	55½	Sweetwater Auto.	12½
Brighton Def.	117½	Vickers, Maxim	11½
Caledonian Def.	28	Welsbach Ord.	76
Central London	86	Anglo-French	38
Chatham Ord.	12	Asahi G. F.	11½
"Do Pref.	95	Asso. G. M.	3
"Do 2nd Pref.	61	Barnato Cons.	23
Great Eastern	82½	Champ. Ref.	826
Gt. Northern Def. 38	38½	Chartered Cons.	12½
Great Central A. 19½	19½	*City & Sub.	61
Metropolitan	93	*Gt. Gold S.A.	6½
District	37½	Crown Ref.	14
Midland Pref.	60	De Beers Def.	18½
"Do Def.	61	East Rand	84½
North British Def. 49½	49½	E. Rand. M. Est.	4
North Eastern	132	Geduld	61
"North Western	147½	G. M. Minus E.	5½
South Eastern Def. 57½	57½	Gold Coast Am.	67
South Western Def. 50½	50½	*Gld'n Horsehoe	67
"Do Ord.	151	Gt. Bld. Per. New	123
Atchison	83	"Do Prop.	30½
Baltimore	89	Gt. Fingal 10½	74½
Chesapeake	39½	Ivanhoe	71
Consolidated M. 100	100	Job. Con. In.	2½
Denver	23½	Kaigals	61
Erie Shares	29½	Lake View Cons.	11½
"Do Pref.	66	May Consol.	100
Illinois Cent.	140½	Meyer & Charl.	64
L'ville and N'ville	124½	Modderfontein	9
Missouri	23½	Nyrose Gold	62
Ontario	31½	Nile Valley	11½
Norfolk Com.	70	N. Copper	28
Reading	31½	Sundberg	12½
Southern Ord.	29½	Oreogum	3
Union Pacific	101	Oroya B'nwills	3½
U.S. Steel Ord.	13½	*Primrose (New)	3
"Do Pref.	64	Randfontein	3
Wabash Pref.	40½	Rio Tinto	64
B.A. Gt. South 134½	134½	Rand Mines	101

* Ex div.

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